Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1775.

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THE BYSTANDER DECEMRER 22, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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Davos-Platz.—Angleterre & Park Hotel.—Leading family hotel. Winter sports. Full pens. incl. aft. tea £1.

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Davos-Dorf–Sport Hotel Montana–Exl. htl. Ctl. pos. Nxt. stn. Mod. '37. All r. w. h. & c.w. pr. bthrms. Pen. fr. £ 14. Fam. Hüsler, Prop.

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Grindelwald.—Baer Hotel.—An up-to-date Hotel with an old tradition. Centre of social life. Moderate terms.

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The Bystander, December 22, 1937 No. 1775. Vol. CXXXVI.

The Bystander

John Everard

Anna Neagle as Peter Pan

Who would expect Queen Victoria to turn into Peter Pan? Yet, by virtue of Miss Neagle's talent and reputation, she does—on Christmas Eve at the Palladium

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE sinking of the United States' gunboat and three other American ships in the Yangtse River by Japanese aeroplanes is the first occasion on which the people of the United States have been called upon by a nasty hard fact to consider their policy of Neutrality. When Congress forced upon the President the Neutrality Act, it was pointed out by a good many people that sooner or later the United States would either have to stand peacefully by while their ships were sunk indiscriminately by anybody who felt so disposed, or else would have to scrap the Neutrality Act and defend its seamen.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S unfailing eye for the dramatic and human touch was at work as soon as the news of the Yangtse sinkings reached him. His instruction to Mr. Cordell Hull that the Japanese Government should be requested to inform the Mikado of the American protest was unique in modern diplomacy. No one, so far as I can remember, has brought the Japanese Emperor into an official protest before. The repercussions of this move are unpredictable. Certainly it must have made the Tokyo politicians sit up, and infuriated the Army leaders. It will almost certainly be suppressed in the Japanese newspapers. In the long run the invocation of the " divine " Mikado's name will probably do more harm than good. It may cause alarm, but it may also cause more running-amok than ever.

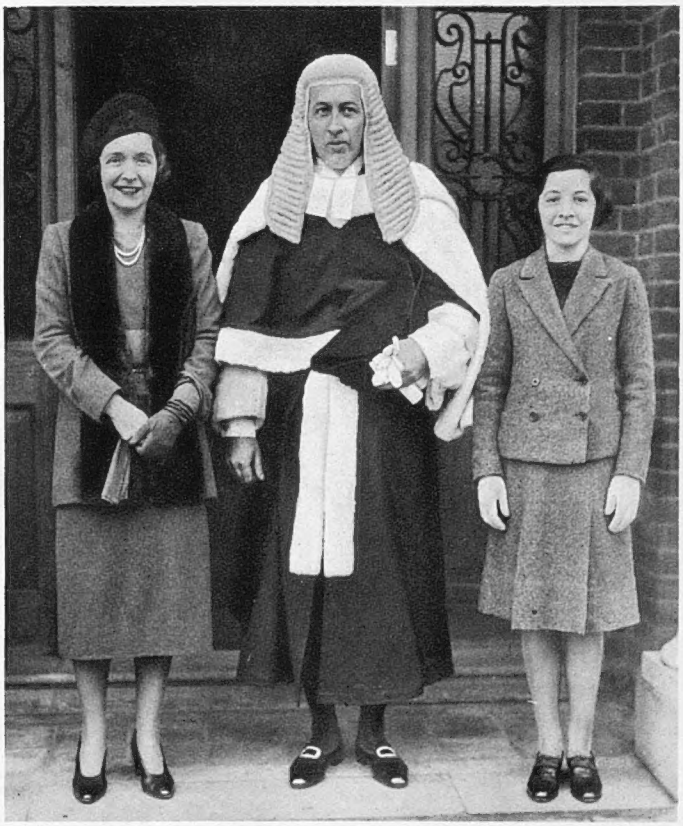
THE Japanese artillery and aeroplanes at Shanghai caused damage to Japanese-owned cotton-mills amounting to about a million and a half pounds, and an Osaka newspaper has published a report by Japanese mill-owners on their serious losses. This report recommends that the Japanese Government should demand reparations from China for the damage. This seems to be a very sound idea, and in the same way reparations ought to be demanded from Washington for the cost of the sixty bombs which had to be used to sink the American ships.

I AM tired of the Palmerston front. The communiqués come in so thick and fast that it is impossible to keep up with the bewildering series of bangs in the prestige which the Union Jack gets every week. So I propose to close down this overworked department with one final note. The *Evening News* puts all the blame on Britain for having ships at Nanking at all, because it was "a hotly-besieged city." If we have ships there, we are asking for trouble. It follows, then—and for the last time I commend the moral to the shade of Henry John Temple, first Viscount Palmerston—that British warships and merchant ships must bolt for home from any part of the world in which anyone speaks sharply to them.

THE Russian elections have taken place and Stalin has claimed that they prove that the Union of Soviet Republics has the most democratic constitution in the world. His opponents have shrewdly pointed out that an election in which only the candidates of one side are permitted to stand can hardly be called democratic. For myself, I find it difficult to agree with Mr. Stalin, but at the same time I must put it on record that the method of his election was a great advance upon the Municipal election which I saw in a Russian town in 1922. Stalin's election was at least by secret ballot. At the election which I saw, the voters were assembled in the town hall ; voting was by show of hands ; all votes against the Communist candidate were automatically disallowed ; and it was announced that anyone who voted against the Communist candidate would have his name and address taken by the police. The Communist candidates were elected *nemine contradicente.*

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S recent thunderings to the Italian people were not quite so dramatic as usual. It poured with rain and the crowd got soaked. Signor Starace tripped over the broadcasting wires and broke them. The Duce's announcement was simply that Italy was going to do formally what she had done actually eighteen months ago. The only interesting point in his speech was his remark about Italy's " two victorious wars." Abyssinia is one. Which is the other ?

MR. ATTLEE put up a stout and dignified defence of his actions and speeches in Spain. He maintained the rights of private Members of whom he was one, and refused to admit that his position as Leader of the Opposition put him in a special category. Mr. Attlee also demolished in one sentence the notion, which had been encouraged by a rather unwise speech of Lord Winterton's last week, that the new salary



A New Judge and His Wife and Daughter

M. Delbos in Rumania

Left : Mr. Francis Lord Charlton Hodson, M.C., K.C., was one of the two new Divorce Judges appointed last week, and was photographed with his wife and daughter after he was sworn-in. At forty-two he is the youngest Judge, and took silk only this term

Above : M. Delbos (right) visited King Carol at the Royal Palace in Bucharest during his visit to Rumania, and was accompanied by M. Thierry, the French Ambassador in that country

which is paid to the Leader of the Opposition in any way makes him dependent on the Government. The incident is now closed, with loss of face to Mr. Liddall, who brought the whole matter up, and his thirteen supporters.

THERE is something almost too good to be true about the concerted shouts of financiers, economists, and City editors that no slump is imminent. Is it possible that the shouts are just a little too concerted? Is it conceivable that they are just a little forced and shrill? It is perhaps unfortunate that they should have coincided with the sudden big increase in the unemployment figures. But anyway, it is good to know from the experts who understand these things that the trade boom is still surging along as well as ever. Probably the rise in unemployment figures means nothing. It is true that to the ignorant outsider a rise in unemployment figures seems to mean less when a National Government is in office than when a Socialist Government is. Or shall we say, is allowed to mean less?

THE whole country was shocked by the terrible train accident in Scotland. But very few newspapers pointed out one of the morals of the tragedy. Appalling though the smash was, it brought into high relief the wonderful safety of rail-travel in this country compared to the hideous dangers of road-travel. Tens of millions of people have travelled for many years on the railways without having been in even the mildest accident. Yet no one who takes the air on the Brighton Road, or on the Kingston By-Pass, or on any of the great racing motor-tracks of the country can be completely confident of a safe return.

The other moral of the train smash is the old one that wooden carriages ought long ago to have been scrapped on all our lines. Steel carriages neither telescope nor splinter nor catch fire.

CIVIL war has broken out violently in the Clan Beverley. The Laird of Baxter is pained and distressed that the MacNichols should cast reflections upon Drake. "Drake was a disreputable pirate," titters the MacNichols. "Drake was not a pirate at all," booms the Laird in an Albertan accent, adding, "and if he was, it was only the Spaniards that he pirated." But the MacNichols has got the true fighting blood of the Beverleys in him, and he has almost certainly loaded his heaviest gun with vitriol-scented snowdrops for discharge in the *Sunday Graphic* upon the head of the street-singer of Saskatchewan, or wherever it is. It is the sort of contest which both famous journalists might easily describe as "literally an epic."

A CAPITAL situation has arisen in what I always think is the slightly comical world of Rugby football. A Cambridge player was about to take a penalty kick against a West Country side, when a spectator shouted: "I bet you a pint to a penny you won't score." The player duly kicked and failed, whereupon the referee allowed him another shot, and this time he succeeded. This story illustrates several beautiful sides of the Rugby football player's nature. The very sound of loud words, shouted even from a distance, upset the delicate balance of the kicker's temperament. The suggestion that he should betray the team spirit by betting during a match deflected his aim. The very mention of such a thing as beer shocked him to the soul. And think of the sensitive nature of the mind of the referee (a Naval Commander), who instantly understood all that was passing through the poor lad's heart. (I repudiate with scorn the suggestion that in future all penalty kickers in Rugby football require is a friend on the touch-line to shout the odds again and again until the kick has been a success.)

THE City of Westminster is working overtime to make itself the model borough for Air-Raid precautions. Almost two thousand voluntary Air Wardens have been enrolled already and more names—of men and women—pour in every day. Soon after Christmas a course of lectures in anti-gas measures, first-aid, and organisation will begin and the whole City will be divided up into areas, each with its complement of Wardens and mobilisation-stations. One of the big companies whose offices are on the Embankment has already converted itself into an elaborate anti-bomber fortress of extraordinary ingenuity and thoroughness.

AND so, in this Yule-tide atmosphere of mass-murder in Nanking, bombs upon the Yangtse River, murder in Palestine, civil war in Spain, barely suppressed piracy in the Mediterranean, persecution in Russia, gas-masks in Westminster, and total negation of freedom in a score of countries, let me conclude by wishing my readers a Merry, Happy, and Peaceful Christmas. But do not let us forget that the text in Luke ii, 14, "on earth peace, good will toward men," is a mistranslation for "on earth peace toward men of good will.

A Correction—With Apologies

LAST week's BYSTANDER contained a picture by Howard Coster of Mr. A. G. Pite, M.C., M.A., the new Headmaster of Cheltenham, and the successor to Mr. R. V. H. Roseveare. Owing to a misunderstanding this photograph was wrongly described as a portrait of Mr. Roseveare. The BYSTANDER apologises profoundly for this confusion and will republish Mr. Pite's picture next week with the correct caption.

Arrival in India

The Polish Ballet in London

Left: Lord Hopetoun, the son of the Viceroy of India, was just landing at Bombay for his winter visit to his parents. With him are Miss Phillips and his sister, Lady Anne Hope

Above: Mlles. Roszkowska, Stanislawska, Glinka, and Biernacka are four dancers of the Polish Ballet now at Covent Garden. They were photographed at the reception given for the company by the Polish Ambassador and Countess Raczinska last week

Social Register

A WEDDING

Lieut.-Com. Lloyd and Miss McRae Smith

Lieut.-Commander Thomas Clive Lloyd, R.N., eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. John Lloyd, of Dinas House, Brecon, and Marie McRae Smith, daughter of the late Major William Alden Smith and Mrs. Richard Temple, of 43, Park Street, W., were married at St. Clement Dane's, Strand

ROYAL CHILDREN'S PARTY

Two Guests and their Mother

The Countess of Cavan took her two daughters, Lady Joanna and Lady Elizabeth Lambart, to the Children's Party at Buckingham Palace, which the King and Queen gave for Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose on the King's Birthday last Tuesday

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Mr. and Mrs Hedworth

Nicholas Hedworth Williamson Knightsbridge. His parents liv Auckland. His mother was Diana is the daughter of Colonel the

Mr. and Mrs.

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Virginia-Lee Howard and Mr. J. Milne

James Milne is the son of Sir James and Lady Milne, of Dildawn, Woldingham, Surrey; Virginia-Lee Howard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard. Her father is Assistant Treasury Attaché to the American Embassy

Miss Suzanne Lyle and Mr. Thomas Skyrme

Thomas Skyrme, the barrister son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Skyrme, of Thorny Court, Palace Gate, and Suzanne Lyle, the younger daughter of Sir Leonard and Lady Lyle, are engaged.—Until lately Miss Lyle has been a student at the Old Vic

CHRISTENING PARTY IN THE COUNTRY

Goddaughter and Godmother

Elizabeth Ann Drummond-Hay, the baby daughter of Mr. James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, had Miss Durelle Sale-Barker as one of her godparents

THE BAZAAR SEASON

Williamson's Son

was christened at St. Paul's, at Broomshiels Hall, Bishop Lambton before her marriage: she Hon. Charles and Mrs. Lambton

Basil Briscoe's Son

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Briscoe's son was christened William Anthony. They were married two years ago; Mrs. Briscoe was Yvonne Gunn. Basil Briscoe trains at Royston

Scottish Goods for the Waifs and Strays

Lady Forres and Mrs. Robert Abercromby were selling-neighbours at the Scottish Bazaar for the Waifs and Strays Society. Mrs. Abercromby's husband is Sir George Abercromby's brother

A Charitable Christmas Cake

Miss Glen Alyn and Lady Doverdale ran a cake stall at the Bazaar for the Waifs and Strays and had a Christmas cake on it that must have saved its purchaser's cook a lot of bother

Guests by the Fire

Miss Noreen Elliott and the Hon. Mary Boot were two of the Drummond-Hays' guests at the party they gave for their daughter's christening and as house-warming for their new home

Guests with Glasses

Mr. Eric De La Rue, Sir Andros De La Rue's son and heir, was one of the godparents; he is talking to Miss Vivian Dauntessy

Family Group

Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, her brother, Lord David Douglas Hamilton, and her elder daughter, Anne, were outside Dennis Farmhouse, the Drummond-Hays' new home near Tisbury, Wilts.

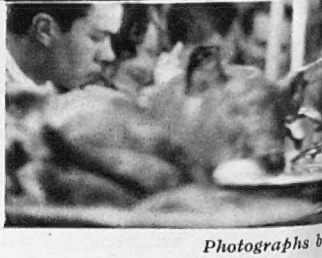
Old Salzburg in Belgrave Square

The Old Salzburg Peasant Ball at the Austrian Legation (in aid of Austrian and British charities) was easily the best of the pre-Christmas parties. No. 18, Belgrave Square was all decorated for the occasion by two Austrian artists, there were folk-songs and pipe music to listen to, dancing to watch, roast sucking-pig to eat, and the gay and informal atmosphere that belongs to a holiday in Austria itself

Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, dressed in white, sat for his photograph with a group of his guests; in front, with the handkerchief head-dress, is Pola Nirenska, who danced during the evening. The minister is a superb host, and most of his guests paid him the compliment of staying till around five o'clock

Mrs. Philip Carr wore a lovely Hungarian dress and carried a doll as elaborately dressed as herself

The Duke of Marlborough watched the "peasants" swarming up the stairs

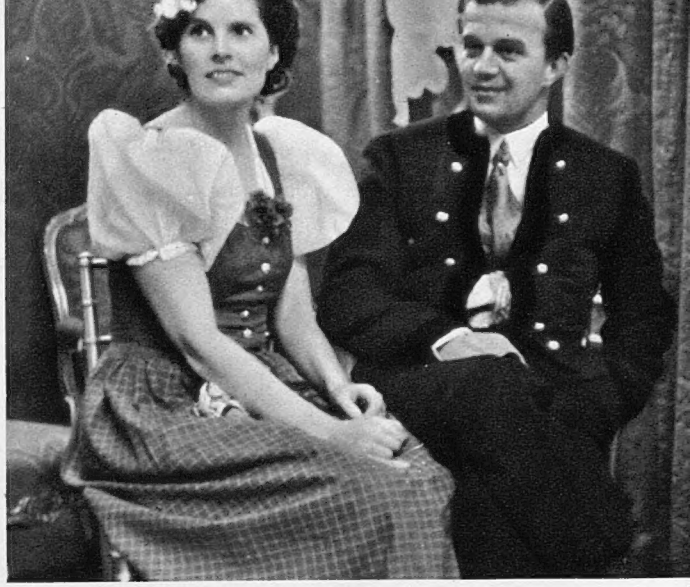


Right: a waiter—eighteenth-century lackey style—carves a roast sucking-pig

Photographs b

The zither-player on the left came from Austria for the evening

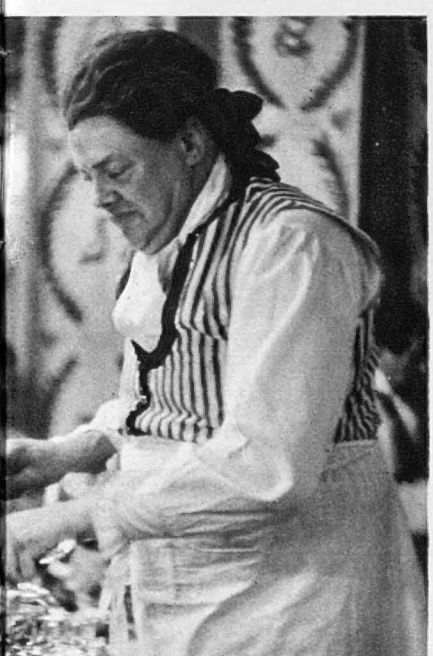
On the right are Lady Alexandra Haig and Count Nostitz



Below : there was even a post office where letters got an Austrian Legation stamp and a Salzburg postmark

Above : the Austrian Polsterltanz, where the man chooses his girl, kneels on a pillow in front of her, kisses her on both cheeks, and then dances with her

Right : Palfinger, the Austrian accordionist, plays to a supper-party in a cottage room complete even to washing on a line overhead



John Phillips from Life

Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Patricia Latham and Her Son Richard

Richard Thomas Paul Latham was born in April three years ago, and is the only child of his parents, Sir Paul and Lady Patricia Latham. His mother is the daughter of the Earl of Drogheda; his father, who succeeded as second Baronet in 1931, has been in the House of Commons since the same year as Member for Scarborough and Whitby. The Lathams have a London house in Hyde Park Gardens, as well as their wonderful place in Sussex, Hurstmonceux Castle, to which they have done a great deal in the way of restoring and modernising since they were married. Next month they are lending it for a ball in aid of the Heritage Craft School and Hospital for Crippled Children, Sussex

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 51

St. John Ervine

ST. JOHN ERVINE is a first-rate example of dual personality. Author of *Robert's Wife, Anne Clegg, The First Mrs. Fraser, Anthony and Anna*, and-what-have-you, he can be sliced as neatly as a piece of Gruyère into two exact halves—St. John and Ervine, with Greer himself (his middle name) as the protective cheese-cloth.

It was St. John who enlisted as a trooper in the Household Cavalry during the war, rising to a commission in one of the Irish regiments. How Ervine must have scoffed at this laughable piece of unnecessary patriotism ending in a badly wounded leg. It is St. John who, in turn, sneers at cinema audiences, while Ervine sells the picture-rights of his plays as expensively as possible. I could fill pages with exact instances of this Dr. St. John and Mr. Ervine business.

Between the two of them they have convinced the public and the critics that they are highbrow. (It wasn't difficult. All that an author, or a pair of authors, has to do is to write first plays about poor people. They don't make money, because neither the rich nor the poor are interested in the poor. But it gives a réclame, and this naturally precedes plays about rich people which nearly always provides a lot of "scratch.")

By contrast, or to continue. *The First Mrs. Fraser*, by Ervine, was sheer commercial theatre, with Mr. Greer taking careful note of the clink of the box-office. St. John writes the essays, and very good they are. But it is Ervine, alas! who takes over when controversies arise Ervine loses all sense of proportion, goes berserk. Cinema fans are half-witted apes to Ervine. Politicians to Ervine are corrupt copy-cats of Tammany Hall. Ervine, in fact, always overdoes things, and, in consequence, has lowered St. John's reputation quite a bit. At one time it looked as though St. John might, ultimately, wear Bernard Shaw's mantle. But Ervine hasn't the magnanimity to make this possible. St. John, I grant, has a soft musical voice, full of charm and friendliness; but Ervine's ill-temper makes it discordant.

Ervine, to change the metaphor, lays about him with a bludgeon. His idea of a delicate point is a kick in the pants. St. John wrote *A Journey to Jerusalem*; Ervine wrote *God's Soldier*. Both had been taken to hear William Booth preach when they were kids. Greer had come along too.

IF you really want dull facts, you will find them in the reference-books—born in Belfast (two days after Boxing Day) in 1883, married, no children, manager of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, before the war, critic, essayist, publications (dozens of them).

But even the reference-books will supply one really illuminating detail, providing that you can appreciate it. What do you suppose could be a really satisfying name for the bourn of these exact opposites, St. John and Ervine? Yes, you 've got it in one—Honey Ditches.

What is sweeter than honey and, at the same time, duller than ditches? I doubt whether even Greer can answer that one. But the village is obviously Greer's choice. It is Seaton, in Devonshire.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Oh! You Letty" (Palace)

IF critics remark (as they do) that one musical comedy is very like another, the managers might retort (though they don't) that so are the criticisms written about them. The first time a critic wrote "The mixture as before," the words (as Peter Pan might say) broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about. But to go on writing "The mixture as before" is now to stand self-condemned of the accusation levelled. Which preamble is my own lame little attempt to be original anent *Oh! You Letty*, at the Palace, where Sydney Howard often made me laugh, and the décor nearly made me cry, and Patricia Leonard and Phyllis Stanley made me sorry I wasn't ten years younger—no; let me be honest and say fifteen.

WHAT I like about Sydney Howard is not merely the way he walks (as though walking under water) and comports his hands (as though imitating the perennial imitation by Nelson Keys), but his facial expression. In the presence of his wife (Big Bertha Belmore) after a night out, or of an angry boxer whose name has been taken in vain, his face is, as they say, a perfect study in slow but sure emotion. And when he is sawing away at a double bass for all he is worth, while Wylie Watson (as faithful to his instrument as Gwen Farrar) discourses on the more sedate violoncello, it is the eyes rather than the ears that are engrossed.

THIS comic essay in chamber music, which opens the second act and has nothing to do with anything but itself, is one of the high spots of the show. Here the Howard-Watson combination works unexceptionably, though at other times I found myself wondering whether someone a little more mercurial than Mr. Watson, who was a most effective foil for the mercurial Bobby Howes, would not be more effective as a foil for the elephantine Mr. Howard. Miss Belmore, again, is imposing rather than nimble. But that the heavy guns score there can be no question.

This show will run, even though it runs on the beaten track.

AND what is it about? If you saw *The Whole Town's Talking*, by Mr. and Mrs. Anita Loos, you may recognise the plot, this being an adaptation. It is all about a girl who will marry no man unless he has had a lot of love-affairs already, and an apology for a Lothario who, to win her hand, pretends to have had a liaison with a famous film star. When the film star appears on the scene, to his amazement she does not deny his story. She backs it up.

And if you take a broad view, and refuse to cavil at such trifles as a fiancé who doesn't know what his girl's handwriting is like, or a crooner (perhaps this is true to life!) who plays lawn tennis in shoes with heels, you will be well on the road to a bright evening.

MEM.—If, in the next musical comedy I see, the comedians again say either "Death takes a holiday" or "Time marches on," I shall—no, I shan't. But I'd like to.

Hot from Hollywood: Letty Lythe, a film star (Phyllis Stanley)

Sketches by Rouson

Left: Hollywood crooner and garden city Romeo: Roger Shields (Edward Molloy) and Chester Binnie (Wylie Watson)

Right: duet in the old style: the Simmonses (Bertha Belmore and Sydney Howard)

"Er, the Yule log in the dining-room, sir—it has fused again"

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WELL, you seem to be in for another Real Dickensy Christmas, poppets, and our loving sympathy is with you this week-end. Personally we use the pre-Dickens or real Christmas, but we know what you 'll be suffering. All that frantic gorging and all that dreary mechanical gaiety you 'll be paying through the nose for in hotels and restaurants between now and Monday, and that simply fearful hangover you 'll be enjoying on Tuesday morning—no, you needn't tell us. We know. It was too bad of Gaffer Dickens to put all those ideas into people's heads. He ought to have kept his hooks off Christmas, which he didn't understand very well, and made a big guzzling issue of Trafalgar Day instead.

Incidentally, the neatest Christmas toy for the nursery we 've seen this year is a tiny fitted cocktail-cabinet, " just like Mummy's," complete even down to the cherry-sticks. We can just hear Nanny's voice saying fretfully: " There goes Baby again—one over the eight and creating merry hell, *as* per usual," and hear the cries of the tiny guests as they warm up on the third miniature Old - Fashioned and begin socking each other. One good thing about such a party is that you 'll be able instantly to discover which of the tots have a literary bent, and check accordingly. They 'll be the ones you 'll find wolfing everything within reach at the tiny buffet.

" You know very well what I want. I told you last week at Harridges "

Yodel this Off

ROMANTSCH, the language spoken by the Swiss of the Engadine, has now been officially adopted by the Swiss National Council as the fifth national language of Switzerland, the others being, in order of importance, French, Italian, German, and English. No other British Dependency has five official languages. On the other hand, some authorities greatly fear that the adoption of Romantsch is an act of subtle defiance, heralding a separatist movement which may result in Switzerland's breaking away from the British Empire, and all the Winter Sports boys and girls getting a kick in the pants and a nasty pinch or slap respectively.

It 's an acute problem. Our Winter Sports hearties certainly treat the Swiss decently enough as they stamp round their Alpine property, but the Swiss are apt to rise at intervals and throw off a conqueror's yoke with great energy. They refused to salute the Austrian Gessler's cap in the early Middle Ages, and they certainly don't like having to uncover by order every time an old ski-ing-boot belonging to Arnold Lunn or Christopher Mackintosh is borne past in procession. They greatly admire our big healthy girls as they swagger round awaking the Alpine echoes with manly cries, but they resent the stringent laws forbidding intermarriage between them and the native population. Last time we were in Berne we heard a street-corner orator haranguing the mob about this. Feeling ran very high and ugly, a Vicar's wife in Harris tweeds was booed as she passed, and fists were openly shaken at her Aberdeen terrier, Tinker.

In Geneva they say that the Empire's only hope is Arnold Lunn, who is greatly revered by the Swiss and could handle any situation that arose. A general massacre would of course be highly inconvenient, and Alpine sports-outfitters in London are watching the situation with considerable anxiety.

" I was quite unable to resist the whim, milady "

Last Wave

THE last vestige of Adelphi Terrace is now blotted out by a towering network of steel girders, we observed last week, waving the place a final sad farewell and not forgetting to give the builders the evil eye. The pulling down of the Terrace is probably the biggest compact feat of wreckage of historic London so far, and all concerned must be very pleased with themselves. We feel it the more bitterly because not only every vestige and memory of Garrick and Johnson and their brilliant circle has been blasted away (not to speak of Lady Hamilton), but also happy memories of our own. The Terrace lay cosily behind the Strand, quiet and self-contained, like a little village. The inhabitants were nearly all charming and/or interesting in our time—Barrie and Shaw at one end, the H. M. Harwoods, a Gielgud or two, the British Drama League, the James Gunns, and

the Savage Club further along, and the Police Club on the other corner, where you could see through the windows jolly policemen released from care wading into their sausage-and-mash and beer and laughing like one o'clock. All these houses had Adam fireplaces and ceilings, often ceilings (we had one) painted by Kauffman or Cipriani. In its village pub, round the corner, Gibbon is said to have written some of his *Decline and Fall*. Once while we were there, discussing State affairs with the local rustics, a lady fell through a skylight on the top floor and landed among some ferns on the floor below. Something interesting was always taking place in this pub. Sometimes fried eggs were hurled violently through bedroom windows by gentlemen with a hangover, and in the small hours people would suddenly fall down flights of stairs. The Pickwick atmosphere (it was mentioned in *Pickwick*) remained to the last, and in the dining-room one Sunday night in 1930 there was held that sixtieth-birthday feast in honour of Mr. Belloc which is now historic (see the account in G. K. Chesterton's autobiography).

So it all had to go.

Verboten

You know all those peremptory "No Parking Here" signs plastered on walls and railings of houses and shops all over the West End? They mean nothing at all, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Under-Secretary of the Home Office, explained in the House the other day. They have no bearing on any question of obstruction, and no single car standing outside private premises necessarily constitutes obstruction anyway. Which is pleasing news to those of us who think the Germanic mania for sticking up signs forbidding this and that is going a bit far. The newer kind of wealthy landed proprietor is terribly fond of it. We know one estate where minatory notice-boards, all ending "BY ORDER" (but omitting to say by whose), appear about every hundred yards and forbid almost everything but whistling. A combative chap we know once had a nice little debate with the bristling owner himself, chance-met, some time ago. Their chat began like this:

"I suppose you know you 're trespassing, sir?"

"I was not aware of it, sir."

"Rubbish! You can read, can't you? There 's a board a hundred yards away saying trespassing is forbidden!"

"By order?"

"Naturally."

"Whose order?"

"Whose d' you think? This land belongs to me!"

"You mean this particular bit, or England?"

"You are being offensive, sir."

"I 'm being polite, if you only knew it. You look to me as if you *did* own England."

Actually, the big boy had recently enclosed a little-used public right of way, as big boys of his type have been doing in England ever since the sixteenth century (and as our friend did not hesitate to remind him), and a week later the villagers pulled down his nice new wire and reasserted their ancient rights, for once. The furious big boy called them Bolshies, which shows what a mess modern thinking has developed into.

Object Lesson

One of the nicest of the pre-Christmas exhibitions has been the Puppet Exhibition at the Wertheim Gallery, with exhibits by such modern experts as Lotte Reiniger, Waldo Lanchester, Hotchkiss, and the London Marionette Theatre. We took a dear little actress with our party, thinking it might do her good to see wooden stage figures in repose for once, and afterwards, at that celebrated restaurant where all the West End stage lunches daily in an atmosphere of ecstatic congratulation and sincere mutual adoration, we went with her into the question of the superiority of puppets over actresses very thoroughly.

It made her very thoughtful. All the time we were discussing it, friends kept flying in and out and saying "*Dar*-leeng!" and "How *wahn*-derful!" and "*Dear*-est!", pausing a moment to pat her lightly and looking over their shoulder to wave and smile brightly at someone else, as she herself was doing most of the time, head twisted backwards; so that on the whole we didn't get the question settled as thoroughly as we should have liked. However, we gave her a good idea of the brilliance of some puppet-shows we 've seen, here and abroad, and we were especially firm on two major reasons why puppets are preferable to little actresses: viz. (1) they do not eat expensive food; and (2) after the show you put them back in a box and have no further trouble with them.

"*Weally*?" the little sweetheart kept saying vaguely, amid the whirl of feverish greetings and snatches of rapid conversation with passing friends. "*Weally*? How fwightfully interwesting! I mean, *weally*—!" We had to rap her tiny golden head at length with a spoon to bring her to reason, not that that meant anything noticeable, even then.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Sergeant Murphy, I must ask you to wait for the beat"

Films of the Day

Libel on the English Schoolboy

By George Campbell

You can't indict a nation, said Burke. Neither, legally, can you libel one. Otherwise, I feel, the whole British Empire would be entitled to sue Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and claim the most vindictive damages. The Wodehouse heroes, the monocled, dim-witted lords, the asinine butlers—these I can forgive as clean fun, though somewhat outmoded. But Hollywood's English schoolboy is frankly intolerable. Where, in heaven's name, does he come from ? This ineffable sententiousness, these frightful platitudes, this unutterable priggishness—has somebody been studying current English boyhood in the pages of Dean Farrar, or what ?

The usual victim of this conspiracy (apart from the audience, of course) is poor little Freddie Bartholomew, condemned in picture after picture to utter dialogue heard on no stage since Little Willie ascended, to the accompaniment of soft music, in *East Lynne*. In *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry* he is Ronald Sinclair, known in his native New Zealand as Ra Hould, playing a fourteen-year-old sprig of the English nobility opposite the American tough guy of sixteen (Mickey Rooney). His dialogue includes such gems as " I shall proceed to take boxing instruction immediately and challenge you at the earliest convenience " ; " It 's going to be rather hard, Pookah " —Pookah being the horse—" to keep our chins up " ; and " Unless you treat him gently I shall crack you over the knuckles with my whip."

Really, this sort of thing won't do. In America it would make Pookah laugh, over here it inspires ribaldry, and on both sides of the Atlantic it makes us look ridiculous and effeminate. The excuse can't even be offered that it represents a minority type. Boys like this just don't happen, and haven't since Eric, going little by little to the devil, said " Hang it all ! " (" To such depths had the wretched boy descended ") and was speedily caught in a septic rabbit trap and died very edifyingly. If such urchins did exist, they 'd be kicked by their friends (if any) very hard on the seat of the pants. This is a method of instruction discouraged by the Herr Doktor Freud and Herr Doktor Jung and Mr. A. S. Neill, who thinks mixed nudist gardening parties do more good, though he admits the older boys do tend to notice things ; but on the whole a little empirical kicking gives satisfactory results.

Virginia Field and Eddie Cantor in " Ali Baba Goes to Town "

Eddie Cantor's new film, the first he 's made for eighteen months, comes to town just in time for Christmas. He has the usual crazy adventures, half in his dreams, half with a film company. Virginia Field is part of his waking hours. " Ali Baba " went to the Gaumont last Friday

" Thoroughbreds Don't Cry " is a racing drama. Sir Peter (this character being nobody but our old friend C. Aubrey Smith) takes his horse to America in the hope of winning the Kentucky Durby, or something. Naturally there is dirty work and an exciting finish, but I won't spoil the picture by revealing who wins.

On the whole, I preferred *Mutiny of the Elsinore*, a British adaptation of the old sea-thriller by Jack London. It cost only £15,000, the director, Roy Lockwood, had never before made a picture, and there is one of those strong no-star casts. *Mutiny of the Elsinore* is about as subtle as a slam with a marlinspike, but the story does move, the photography is first-rate, and as Christmas entertainment for the young, it would be hard to beat—always provided it stays the distance.

" The Barrier " would have been better if they had cast it differently, and chosen another story. Jean Parker, as Rex Beach's sweetly innocent young maid of the Frozen North, who is always reproaching the honourable young lieutenant with his lack of responsiveness, and sees nothing odd about spending the night with him beneath the stars, is convincing enough ; as convincing, anyway, as this character can be in the year 1937.

But I think Otto Kruger, with his sensitive poet's face and gentle voice, is mis-cast as the villainous adventurer, and I couldn't for a moment believe in Leo Carrillo as the tough French-Canadian voyageur, 'Poleon, so strong that he can break a bigger and by all appearances more athletic man's back. James Ellison, so effective in *The Plainsman*, is the soldier who gallantly guards the honour of the heroine and the United States Army.

" The Singing Marine " is pretty fatuous, even for a Dick Powell story. Here he is as our old acquaintance the swelled-headed crooner, who seems to be a marine when not too busy broadcasting, signing contracts, making love and just crooning. The best thing about the picture is the eccentric comedy of Hugh Herbert, who just can't help being funny, however inane his material.

Remember that one about the young couple who pretend they are married and are then forced by circumstances to spend a night in the same bedroom, with fond parents popping in every five minutes to tuck them up and kiss them goodnight ? Well, believe it or not, here it is again, in *The Life of the Party*, without a single new idea. Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard are singularly uninteresting as the lovers, the comedy of Joe Penner and Parkyakarkas is very sad indeed, the dialogue and gags are about up to the usual British Quota standard, and altogether it wouldn't matter if you never saw it.

Macbeth: "It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood"

Lady Macbeth, reading a letter: ". . . Came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'"

"Macbeth"

Laurence Olivier was in the Old Vic Production with Judith Anderson

Romeo, Hamlet and now Macbeth—those are Laurence Olivier's Shakespearean parts in the last two years, which shows by what serious steps his acting career is advancing. It is important that his verse-speaking, much criticised two years ago, now combines its first vitality with a fine sense of the poetry's beauty and rhythm. Judith Anderson, who came from New York to play Lady Macbeth, is Australian but has acted mostly in America where she has a very high reputation. Last year she played Gertrude in John Gielgud's New York production of *Hamlet*, and she was also in *Mourning Becomes Electra* during its year's run over there. *Macbeth*, which Michel St. Denis produced and Motley dressed and set, ended its Old Vic run last Saturday, but goes to the New for a season from December 24th

Photographs by John Everard

Lady Macbeth: "My hands are of your colour, but I shame To wear a heart so white. . . . A little water clears us of this deed"

Jupiter (Henry Garat) and Mercury (Armand-Bernard) discuss their descent to earth where Jupiter plans an attack on the virtue of Alcmene, Amphitryon's wife

"Amphitryon"

Greek Legend into French Satire on the Curzon Screen

The story of Amphitryon who went to the wars, and his lovely and virtuous wife who resisted all temptations until Jupiter visited her disguised as her husband, has been re-told with irresistible satire and comicality in the French film which goes to the Curzon on Boxing Day. A stage version of the tale is running in New York, with the Lunts—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—drawing packed houses to see their acting. The film has also been shown over there and was a tremendous success. Henry Garat is superb in his triple rôle, as Amphitryon, Jupiter, and Jupiter disguised as Amphitryon. As accompaniment to this, Armand-Bernard plays his servant, Sosias, Mercury, and Mercury disguised as Sosias

Married love below stairs: Merysmis (Odette Florelle) gives Sosias a Saturday scrubbing. Amphitryon's servant is played by Armand-Bernard

Mercury helps Jupiter to

Marguerite Moreno as Juno, a stately figure of a pantomime dame

The Theban women demand the return of their husbands from the war

disguise himself as Amphitryon

Alcmene (Jeanne Boitel) falls for Jupiter's disguise as her husband

Speckled "Liberty" Wonders—the Tiger Check Horses

Alfred Court Exchanges Views With a Lion

Circus Views from Islington

Althoff's Annual Party at the Agricultural Hall

Althoff's International Wonder Circus is back at the Royal Agricultural Hall this Christmas, and so is Alfred Court who has been out of the ring for two years since he was badly mauled by a lion. This Marseillais is one of the bravest men in the circus world, and the only trainer now travelling with a group of mixed wild animals. He shows in a forty-foot cage six lions, three polar bears, two Himalayan bears and two leopards, each of the thirteen beasts separately floodlit. The Tiger Check Horses have never been to London before; these speckled beauties—a unique breed—are aristocrats among "liberty" horses. Franz Althoff, brother of the proprietor of the Circus, presents them

Another Abominable Snowman : A Christmas Fantasy Designed by Gordon Anthony

"Petrouchka : Ensemble du décor principal pour L

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Arth

s Ballets Russes de M. de Basil" : by Alexandre Benois

ir Tooth & Sons, Ltd., 155, New Bond Street, W.1

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

DEC 12TH

Much to-do and testiness over this business of Christmas gifts. My wife mightily concerned lest her Aunt Theresa of Wimbledon design to send her a gift more costly than the chromium-plated coffee percolator she hath bought for her Aunt. Whereat I reproved my wife for turning a Christmas custom into a mercenary trafficking. And for my part I have great hopes that my cozen Thomas will give me Brandy or Whisky as heretofore, only of better quality. Wherefore I shall contrive to bring to the ears of my sister Anne that I shall be well pleased with some dozen bottles of Schweppes: Soda, Tonic and also Ginger Ale. But I pray she remember the name of Schweppes and be not fobbed off with some flat counterfeit.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. John Bell, High Master of St. Paul's

John Bell has had a scholastic career which appropriately placed him in 1927 at the head of Dean Colet's school in Kensington, where the number of foundation scholars is the number of fish in the miraculous draught (153). He went to Marlborough as a scholar, he went to Balliol as a scholar (and Jenkyns exhibitioner), he became Craven University scholar in 1910, took a first in Classical Mods. in 1911, was proxime accessit in the Ireland and Hertford scholarships the same year, and proceeded to read Lit. Hum., in which he took another first two years later; he then won the John Locke university scholarship and was elected a Fellow of Queen's College, and the same year the war broke out. John Bell, then twenty-four, at once replaced his academic bays with a second lieutenant's cap and served in Burma and India till 1919. He was Tutor and Dean of Queen's until he went to St. Paul's. He married in 1931, his recreations are travel, walking and golf, his telegraphic address—Fidetlitra—suits him perfectly and comes from the school motto "Fide et Literis." He also takes a hand in girls' education as a Governor of Roedean

"The Lord of Burleigh"

An Ashton Ballet Revived and Revised at Sadler's Wells

Elizabeth Miller as Katie Willows, Robert Helpmann as the Lord of Burleigh

William Chappell as Edward Grey, the young poet who mourns a dead love

Photographs by Anthony

Below: Ursula Moreton as Mariana, always weeping for a lover who does not come to her

Julia Farron as Lilian Willows, Katie's little sister, who follows Katie's love-affair with an artless, childish curiosity

Elizabeth Miller as Katie Willows

A rejected suitor, a village maiden, a cruel beauty, a pining lady, a mournful poet—all the characters (save a black-browed villain) of Victorian romance are here, deftly woven into the gaiety and light sentimental grace of this Tennysonian ballet. Edwin Evans chose the characters from the poems and gave them a musical setting from Mendelssohn; Frederick Ashton has composed a new pattern for their dancing, and Derek Hill, doing his first work for the ballet, has dressed them and embellished their stage with fresh, bright colours and charming costumes and décor of Victorian fashion. Elizabeth Miller as Katie Willows, the village maiden, gives one of her best performances, and has a particularly delightful dance with her little sister (Julia Farron). Helpmann has another of the romantic rôles he fills so perfectly as the young Lord of Burleigh, whose affections waver between Katie and Lady Clara, well danced by Pearl Argyle

Right: Pearl Argyle as the disdainful Lady Clara Vere de Vere

Young-Marrieds in Their Homes

Photographs by Jane Haydon

Lady Cecilia Smiley in Headfort Place

The Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson in Kensington

Viscountess Bridport in Wilton Crescent

***Mrs. Lowson** and her husband have been living in Kensington while they waited for their new house to be built on Campden Hill. Mrs. Lowson is expecting a baby very shortly. She was the Hon. Patricia Macpherson before her marriage last year. Her father, the late Lord Strathcarron (better known as Sir Ian Macpherson), died in August, and her thirteen-year-old brother has succeeded to the title*

***Lady Cecilia Smiley** and her husband, John Smiley, who is Sir Hugh Smiley's brother, have taken one of the new houses in Headfort Place, off Belgrave Square, and have done it up mainly in beige and gold. They were married earlier this year. Lady Cecilia Smiley's sister, Lady Diana Dixon, has recently had her second baby, a daughter*

***Lady Bridport** and her husband have been living for some time in one of the pleasantest bits of London—Wilton Crescent, where they are settled in No. 46. They were married three years ago; before that Lady Bridport was Pamela Baker and is the daughter of Mr. Charles Baker, of Letcombe Manor, Wantage. Lord Bridport used to be in the Navy, according to the tradition that goes with the family name of Hood. He is also a descendant of Nelson, his great-great-grandfather having married Nelson's daughter and heiress. He succeeded his grandfather in 1924 as third Viscount*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 118

White Mice at the Manor

By H. M. Raleigh

Illustrations by Holland

It was on Christmas Eve, a few years ago, that I first came to Compton Folyat. I have, as you know, some small reputation as a psychometrist, and I had been asked by the trustees of the Folyat estate to investigate certain disturbances of which the tenants of the Manor had complained. The house, a large, rambling Elizabethan mansion, nestling in a fold in the downs above Marlborough, was untenanted when I went there, for it seemed that nobody could be persuaded to stay in it for long, particularly in the bleak months of winter, and the last inmates, a retired Admiral and his wife, had packed up and left that autumn, some time before the expiry of their lease. Lord Folyat, the owner of the estate, was a boy at Eton, and spent all his holidays with relatives in the South of France, so that except for the furniture the Manor House stood empty.

On the subject of the disturbances the trustees were curiously reticent. They were, of course, anxious that I should give the place a clean bill of health; for haunted houses are seldom a good letting proposition; and I suppose they were afraid lest, armed with a pre-conceived idea, my imagination might run riot. All that they would consent to say was that the trouble, whatever it was, seemed to be centred in the drawing-room on the ground floor; the rest I must find out for myself.

On Christmas Eve, then, I motored down to Compton Folyat, and stabled my car in the coach-house, among a miscellaneous collection of antiquated carriages. I had brought with me a picnic basket and a suitcase, containing all I should need for the period of my stay, for I proposed camping out in the Manor House instead of putting up at the inn in the village. Dusk was falling when I arrived, heavy clouds were banking up in the south-west, and the lowering sky, together with the moaning of the wind round the ancient gables, served to put me in a frame of mind that was melancholy enough. My stars, but that was a creepy place! The house itself lay in a gloomy hollow, surrounded by huge elms, and the grounds were a tangle of rank weeds and long, coarse grass, from which I concluded that neither the Admiral nor his wife were enthusiastic gardeners. Inside all was clean and tidy, but the furniture in every room was swathed in dust-sheets, which in the failing light took upon themselves monstrous shapes suggestive of unimagined horrors. Rather regretfully I thought of the cosy parlour at the village inn, where I had stopped for tea, and where, if I had elected to stay, I could have been sure of human society and a roaring fire. Here at the Manor, who could say in what company I might not find myself before the night was out?

Well, there was no sense in giving way to despondency; I was there to do a job, and I would be well advised to make myself as comfortable as possible. I collected some fuel from the garden and kindled a fire of logs in the drawing-room, where I supped frugally from the contents of my picnic basket. It was a long, low room, furnished in the very worst Victorian taste, but much of it was in shadow, despite the glare from an electric chandelier in the centre, and in a far corner I came upon a spinet, which must have been much older than the rest of the furniture. After supper I lit a cigarette, and sitting down at the instrument, endeavoured to coax from its tinny interior some semblance of an air by Chaminade. And as I played I became uncomfortably aware that I was being watched; watched, moreover, by someone very close at hand; though when I turned to stare into the shadows I could see nothing at all. Presently I felt a gentle tug at my sleeve, as though someone were trying to attract my attention; but there was nobody there, and I rose impatiently from the music-stool.

"What is it?" I asked aloud. "What do you want?" and my voice echoed eerily in the raftered ceiling.

I do not know to this day what influence compelled me to raise the lid of the music-stool, and to rummage through a pile of manuscript until I found what, apparently, it was desired that I should find—a tattered sheet of music, yellow with age. I carried the sheet over to the light, and examined it with some care. The tune was a lively little piece, set down in ink with, I should judge, a quill pen; the margin had been well thumbed, and at the top of the page was written, in a childish hand, "Susan Poynter's Gay Measure." I took it back to the spinet, sat down at the instrument, and began to play.

The notes came trippingly from the old spinet, but the air, though sprightly enough, had about it a haunting sadness, and as I played there came upon me a feeling of depression more profound than any I had yet experienced. I felt, too, a sensation of fear, a subtle conviction that something dreadful was about to happen, and it was borne in upon me that I must go on playing the spinet, but that at all costs I must not be detected in the act. Desperately I tried to pull myself together and make a jest of the whole matter.

"Susan Poynter," I cried aloud, "your measure is a gay one, but there is something about you that is not so gay!"

Scarcely had I said the words, when I became aware of a curious scuffling noise which seemed to come from the floor immediately behind my stool. It was very faint, but it was unmistakable, and without removing my hands from the keyboard or interrupting the Gay Measure I glanced hurriedly over my shoulder. Scampering about on the smooth parquet floor, and moving, it seemed, in perfect time to the music, were two little white mice!

I stopped playing, abruptly, and the moment I did so the mice vanished. I took up the air again, and back came the little creatures, scampering hither and thither with astounding agility. Several times did I repeat the experiment, each time with the same result. So long as I went on playing, the mice kept up their crazy dance. Whenever I stopped, they stopped too, and disappeared. At last, giving way under the strain of this uncanny game, I rose from the music-stool and crossed the room to the small table where I had left my whisky flask.

I don't care much for spirits as a rule, but I drained that flask to the dregs, and felt very much better. Then I drew a chair up to the table, got out my pocket-diary, and jotted down a few notes on the manifestation I had just witnessed. I glanced from time to time at the far corner of the room, but my tiny visitors were nowhere to be seen, and once my record was complete I tried to banish the matter from my mind. After all, I had been expecting something queer to happen, and now that it *had* happened I could not be sure that the whole thing was not some figment of my imagination.

When I was demobilised at the end of the Great War I made a solemn vow that never again would I willingly endure discomfort. Months of sleeping on damp bunks in rat-infested dug-outs had strengthened me in a resolve to spend the rest of my nights in a comfortable bed with a roof over my head, and here in Compton Folyat Manor I could

(Concluded on page iv)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

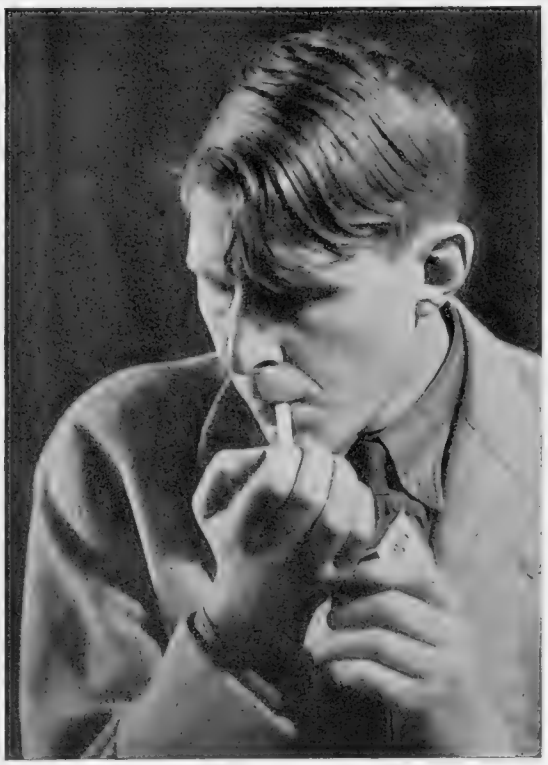
Farewell to a Shropshire Lad: By Alan Thomas

A COMPLETE biography of the late A. E. Housman, who died in April of last year, is unlikely ever to be written; and the reason is that there is probably no single writer with sufficient knowledge of the man to write it. The most that can be known—beyond what we know already—is contained in the personal memoir, which, together with some poems and letters, has just been published under the title *A.E.H.* (Jonathan Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*). The author is A.E.'s brother, Laurence Housman, and that is guarantee enough of a distinguished piece of writing. The section of the book devoted to the memoir, and running only to a hundred and twenty pages, gives us more than a glimmering—but not much more—of the manner of man that A. E. Housman was. His abandonment of religion as anything more than a formality, dated from his earliest years when, in altercation with his brother Robert, he put the Sermon on the Mount to a practical test by turning the other cheek: the rest resulted in a victory for A. E.—but not for Christianity. And though in later years he considered the Church of England the best religion ever invented, mainly, one gathers, "because it eliminates so much Christian nonsense," he died an atheist. In his daily life he nearly always kept himself aloof; not given to talk, he had few intimate friends and mixed ill among people who did not interest him. He refused the O.M. and many academic honours. He was generous to the needy, and had a huge capacity for laughter. And of his human qualities there is proof in the observation of his Cambridge bedmaker after his death: "I loved your brother," she said to Laurence Housman. "When I first began to do for him I used to be afraid to go into the room; but it was all right when I got to know him." Some of the nonsense verses which the author of *A Shropshire Lad* used to send from time to time to members of his family, are here published for the first time.

A YEAR or so ago there was some correspondence in *The Times* on the neglect of English cheeses. One of the principal letters on the subject—and a very amusing letter it was—came from Sir John Squire, who, as a lover of all things English, sought to rescue our national cheeses from the ignorance and indifference which his countrymen displayed towards them. Sir John has now followed up his defence of this noble cause by editing a whole volume in praise of the cheeses of England. *Cheddar Gorge*, with illustrations by Ernest H. Sheppard (Collins; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is a feast in itself. What grand names they are—

Familiar in our mouths as household words:
Leicester and Wensleydale, Stilton, Double Gloucester,
All in our flowing cups freshly remembered!

And the contributors are worthy of their theme: Squire himself on Stilton, H. A. Vachell on Cheddar, Osbert Burdett on Double Gloucester, and André Simon on that hard, rare cheese made nowhere else except in Dorset. Scotland also has a cheese—its only one—the quickly disappearing Dunlop, whose praises are sung by Moray M'Laren; Wales contributes Caerphilly, which, as Ernest Oldmeadow says, is



W. H. Auden

Poetical diehards trembled slightly when Mr. Auden, a poet of the advance guard—and its left wing—was awarded the Gold Medal for Poetry. He went to Buckingham Palace to receive it from the King under the wing of the Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield

"the ideal cheese for those who love buttermilk"; and of Irish cheeses, Dr. St. John Gogarty tells all there is to know. The book is not as complete as it might have been, and perhaps Sir John Squire has plans for another volume on the lesser known and rarer cheeses. Meanwhile, he and his fellow-contributors are to be congratulated on the dish they have served up. This effort to make us a cheese-minded nation is one which all good trenchermen will wholeheartedly applaud.

AND now for some last-minute suggestions for the Christmas and New Year lists. A book that will be generally acceptable is *The Epicure's Companion* by Edward and Lorna Bunyard and Others (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Bunyard is one who finds his "greatest good in using the good things of this life in temperance, in remembering them with joy and anticipating them with thanksgiving." His book, which has a strong literary flavour, is a kind of *vade mecum* for the gourmet; it is divided into three sections, the first devoted to "Food," the second to "Drink," and the third to a variety of observations on the history and practice of eating and drinking, with some concluding sections on "Kitchen Fitments," and suitable reference books for the housewife. Among the contributors are G. B. Stern, André Simon, and Marcel Boulestin.

ANOTHER suggestion is *The London Miscellany*, compiled by Robert Harling (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*). This is a nineteenth-century scrap-book, combining information and amusement. The letterpress, which is taken mainly from contemporary sources, gives advice to the London visitor, describes what the town looked like (with notes upon London thunderstorms and fogs), chronicles some of the main events that happened in London during the century, including sporting contests and an account of the Montgolfier smoke-balloon, which was constructed by a "party of gentlemen interested in the art of aerostation," and the seams of which were sewn together by "upwards of 100 women." Other sections give some account of London's eating-houses, London's social reformers, and London's celebrities. An entertaining book, particularly for the browser.

OF more domestic interest is *Training Margaret*, by Helen Burke (Hutchinson; 5*s.*). The purpose of the book is to tell young mistresses how to train their maids. It contains much useful information under that head, and a number of choice recipes. The maid in this book seems to be peculiarly amenable: she even consented to write out "lines" daily for two weeks to make sure she would remember one of her duties. I doubt if many maids would stand for that. But *Training Margaret* is a valuable guide for housewives and the Minister of Labour hopes that the book will be widely read.

ANOTHER very popular gift book will be *H. M. Bateman by Himself* (Collins; 10*s.* 6*d.*). This is not just a collection of Bateman illustrations, though it contains many, and at the end there is an appendix which includes some Bateman classics, e.g., "The Man Who Lit His Cigar Before the Royal Toast." But it is also an autobiography—a pleasant, modestly told story ending on a wistful note. Sitting on the pinnacle of his success as a comic artist, Mr. Bateman has still one ambition—to paint a serious picture.

OTHER suggestions are the de luxe edition of *The Adventures of Hajji Baba*, by James Morier (Hamish Hamilton; 12*s.* 6*d.*), with full-page illustrations in colour as well as numerous line drawings by C. Leroy Baldridge, and a foreword by that prince of American essayists, Christopher Morley; and two books for lovers of the countryside, one entitled *Down the River*, by H. E. Bates, with eighty-three superb wood-engravings by Agnes Miller Parker; the other called *Country Matters*, written and engraved by Clare Leighton; both are published by Victor Gollancz at 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

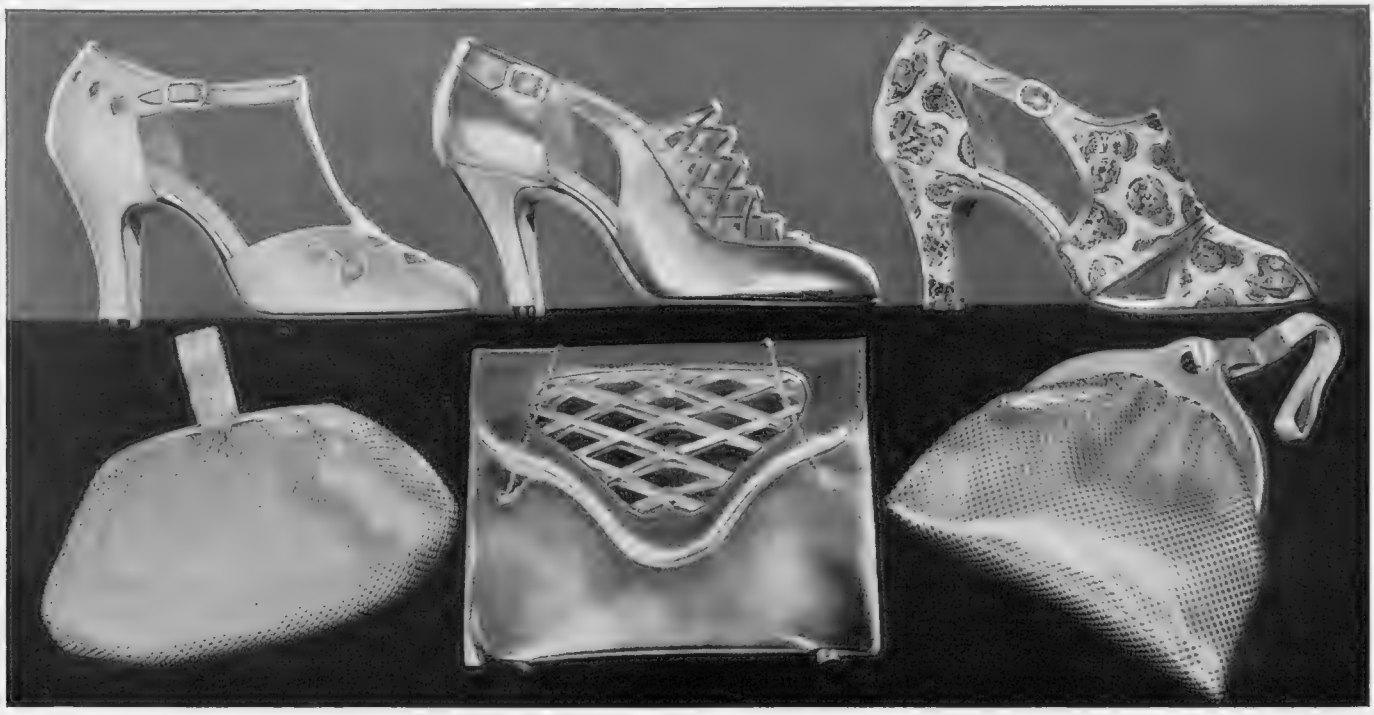
Cruising south is an ideal way of spending a winter holiday, as it affords an infinitely varied life and the chance of basking in really hot sunshine. Since dress is always important, the question of choosing a suitable "trousseau" should be left to Walpole's, of New Bond Street, who specialise in tropical clothes and hats for every occasion. Charming evening dresses in flowered and printed cotton are available from sixty-nine and sixpence, while simple washing frocks in Macclesfield silk cost seventy-nine and sixpence. These are made in various styles and colours, some sleeveless and others more strictly tailored. One particularly attractive sleeveless model, which could be worn for deck games, is cut with a panelled skirt flaring at the hem, and a square neck with coloured lacing on the shoulders. Moonlight on the sea makes a romantic setting for the dress above in white voile embroidered with black or coloured spots. It has a high waist lightly shirred, and costs only seventy-nine and sixpence

Footsteps to Follow

Gay parties and gala nights call for a "light fantastic toe," and Dolcis, of Oxford Street and Brompton Road, are showing an exciting collection of decorative evening shoes. The models on this page have all come from America, and are available in four different fittings. Silver or gold kid makes the toeless and heelless sandal at the top of the page. It is worked with a scroll design in coarse white stitching, and has a high Spanish heel. Below is a becoming strip sandal in black crêpe, piped with silver kid

You will dance to success in the black velvet sandal which completes the trio on the left. It is piped and worked with a lattice design in silver kid and makes a long foot look inches shorter. For people who prefer a less décolleté shoe there is the model below on the left in white satin with diamond cut-outs. This costs three guineas, and is also obtainable in black moiré and silver or bronze kid. With it is shown an evening bag in palest silver mesh, lined with satin and framed in silver metal

Realising that accessories can make or mar a woman's toilette, Dolcis are selling handbags specially designed to wear with certain shoes. A gold kid sandal with a silver lattice front and high Spanish heel is shown in the centre of the group below with its companion handbag also in gold and silver kid. Printed satin in rich jewel colourings strikes an Oriental note in the shoe on the right, another toeless sandal piped in gold kid. This would look charming with a lamé frock and provides an excellent foil for the gold-mesh handbag below it

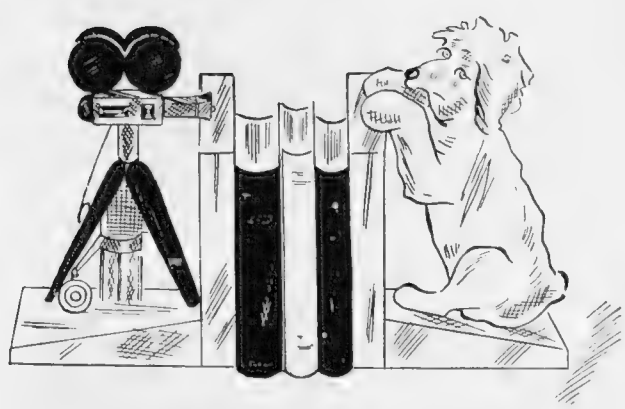


Scott Bushe

The Bystander Twins in search of novelties

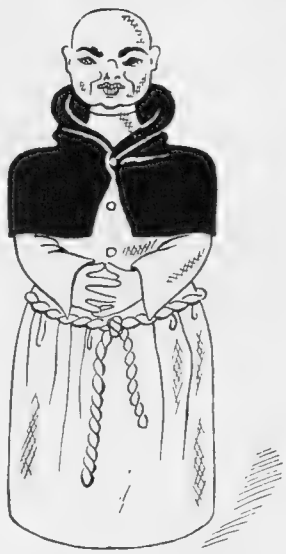
Discovered by Peta; pictured by Pearn

The Book of Hours is a recent publication which has met with universal success. As you see, it is bound in leather and contains an alarum clock with a luminous dial. It fastens with a safety catch and costs twenty-five and sixpence at Swan and Edgar

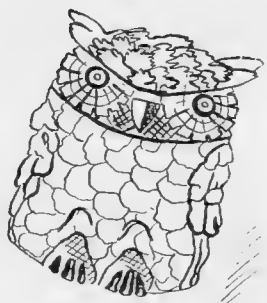


"Scruffy," the film star of literary and dramatic fame, enjoys the limelight and is here seen on a pair of book-ends posing for a photograph. He has many admirers and may be seen at Waring and Gillow

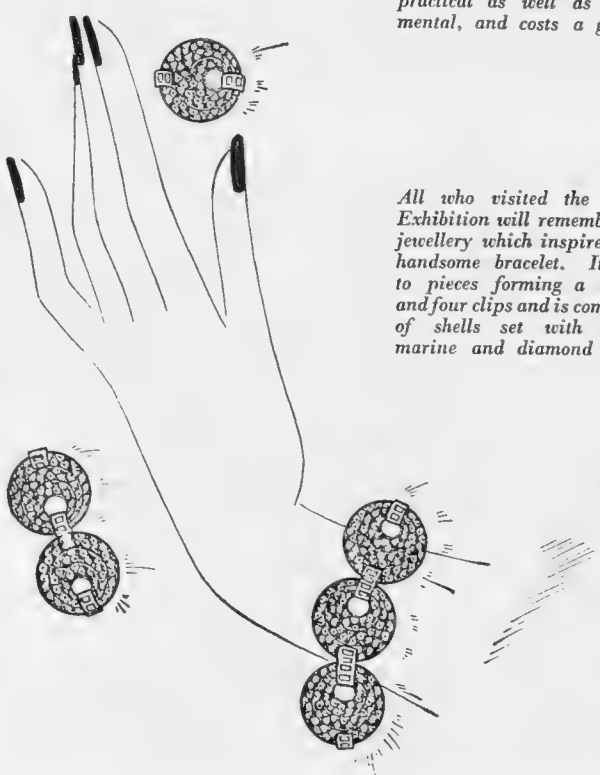
A charming way of giving flowers would be to send this necklace in hand-painted nasturtiums. It is brightly coloured and suitable for day or evening. The price is 15s. 6d. and it comes from Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street



Surprise your friends by sending them this jovial monk in pottery. It is really a liqueur bottle, or whisky decanter, if you prefer it, and costs six and sixpence at Swan and Edgar



Late Christmas shoppers will find many suggestions at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. This tobacco-jar in the shape of an owl, is hand carved from a log of wood. It is practical as well as ornamental, and costs a guinea



All who visited the Paris Exhibition will remember the jewellery which inspired this handsome bracelet. It takes to pieces forming a brooch and four clips and is composed of shells set with aquamarine and diamond paste

Golf Clubs at Home

Chilwell Manor, Nottinghamshire

Chilwell Manor Golf Club is four miles from Nottingham towards Long Eaton on the new by-pass road. It was opened in its present form and with its present club-house in 1922, after the old wooden club-house had been destroyed by fire. The course is flat but well hazarded, covers 104 acres and is, since it was extended in 1935, 6247 yards long

(1) A. Francis (hon. secretary). (2) F. A. Dauncey (captain). (3) J. C. Jackson and A. Worth. (4) Max Smith and W. G. Rose (hon. treasurer). (5) S. E. Dauncey. (6) E. H. Hill. (7) H. V. Hancock, W. Cook, J. L. Litchfield (ex-captain) and, putting, W. F. Lord (ex-captain). (8) A. J. Warburton, A. Morley, W. H. Moore, F. Wildman. (9) J. Lee (professional), F. Shaw (ex-captain), C. Nicholson (committee). (10) E. W. Syson, Jimmy Cantell (steward) and A. B. Hawkins

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

London Golf Captains and National Playing Fields

THE Society of London Golf Captains now possesses over 550 members, each of whom has been captain of one club or another of 130 golf clubs situated within twenty miles of Charing Cross.

At the beginning of the month, this Society held its annual dinner, at which the chief guests were the captain and the ex-captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, namely, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent and Sir John Simon.

The Duke of Kent proposed the health of the Society of London Golf Captains, to which S. F. Wood, the captain of Coulsdon Court Golf Club and chairman of the S.L.G.C. replied; and Sir Edward Campbell (chairman-elect) proposed the health of the guests, and Sir John Simon replied to this toast.

THE DUKE OF KENT, in his speech, said that at one time he imagined one had to be an expert player before being considered eligible for such an honoured position as captain of a golf club, but, he continued, he had now been informed that playing golf is not considered a chief essential for the post of captain. The captain of a golf club, he said, must be of a cheery nature, and one of his chief duties at many clubs is to provide prizes, not only for the men, but also for the ladies. He appeared to hold the opinion that it is not particularly easy to satisfy the exact wishes of the latter, and that a captain's year of office is not an unqualified success if he is unlucky in his choice of prizes for them. He also said that he found it difficult to imagine how it is possible for a bachelor to be a really good captain of a golf club. He related also that the Society of London Golf Captains was founded to attempt to overcome some of the innumerable difficulties which the captains of golf clubs have to face, and that it must be a great relief to captains of golf clubs to be able to pour out their sorrows to each other, and to ask for sympathy from men placed similarly to themselves.

ACTUALLY, the main object of the S.L.G.C. is to give enjoyment and fun to its members by running golf meetings not only in the London district, but also further afield, and also to give enjoyment and fun to those situated less fortunately by contributing liberally to the National Playing Fields Association.

It is very right that golfers, who require more land on which to enjoy their recreation than any others, except those who indulge in huntin' and shootin', should contribute freely to the funds of an association whose aim it is to provide public playing-fields for the needs of all sections of the community.

S. F. Wood, in his speech, outlined a scheme for assisting to a very material extent the N.P.F.A. He suggested that all reigning golf captains should co-operate with the past captains of their clubs, and purchase a cup, to be called "The Playing-Fields Cup," and that these cups should be played for once a year at the various clubs, and that the entrance-fees should be devoted to the N.P.F.A. There can be no doubt that if the majority of clubs adopted this scheme, a really substantial sum would be raised annually. Wood said that he hoped that the lady captains would also organise similar competitions, and I have little doubt that they will be prepared to do so, especially as Miss Cecil Leitch has worked so hard for the benefit of this Association, and also Lady Heathcoat-Amory.

MAJOR B. C. HARTLEY, chairman of the Appeals and Propaganda Committee, has promised his personal assistance to the captain of any golf club who is considering the promotion of this scheme at his club, and, from what I know of Major Hartley, I feel convinced that he will be just as willing (possibly more so in some cases) to also assist lady captains to the best of his ability.

As I have already said, golfers require more land on which to play their game than the players of any other game, and therefore they surely ought to do all in their power to provide playing facilities for those less fortunate than themselves. A leaflet and circular will be issued shortly by the N.P.F.A. outlining the objects of the Association, and explaining why help is needed.

MANY amusing things happen on the golf course. The following actually did happen at St. Andrews last September. While the Duke of Kent was playing in the Medal with Sir John Simon, a member of the Royal and Ancient Club went up to a man in the crowd who had a camera, and said to him: "Do you mind not taking photographs; the Duke does not like it." "Certainly," came back the reply; "but I happen to be the Duke's equerry, and this happens to be the Duke's camera."

Mr. Henry Cotton was talking to Mrs. I. E. de Moss and the Hon. Drogo and Mrs. Montagu at the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House, held, as always, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington

Mr. J. S. F. Morrison himself was there—you see him inspecting the sideshow department with Miss Cradock-Hartopp

Officials of the evening—Mr. Guy Harben, Vice-Chairman of St. Mary's, and Mr. Hannay, Chairman of the Golf Ball

Prelude to an Old-Fashioned Christmas?

Winter Sports on the First of the English Snow

An English Landscape Makes a Strange Background for Ski-ing

There Are No Funiculars in Derbyshire

A Field Near Edale Was His Jumping-Off Ground

This Bit of the Peak District Has the Authentic Winter Sports Contours

K. Machatschek

Jump Turn by an Expert—a Snow Picture from the Pyrenees

J. E. Risdale, one of Blackheath's new forwards, starts a dash down the Rectory Field in the match against Leicester, which Blackheath lost by eleven points to nine

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE weather has been playing havoc with our winter sport, and I don't wonder that the statisticians have decided that of all British games, darts is the most popular. The thought of a warm fire in the bar parlour and the friendly plop-plop of a darts' battle would have made me very envious the other week when I journeyed up to Manchester through the snow to see Lancashire play Yorkshire in the Rugby County Championship, only to discover when I got there that the match had been scratched.

The County Championship, incidentally, is in a horrible tangle now that so many games have had to be postponed, and harassed secretaries are trying desperately to find other dates. I daresay it will work out all right—these secretaries are wonderful people—but I sometimes wonder whether the Championship is worth while, particularly where the Metropolitan counties are concerned.

THE Soccer experts have had a grisly time lately, sliding about on icy grounds. And it 's something of an achievement that the Arsenal will probably welcome Christmas by attaining the position of First Division leaders again.

There have been complaints lately from disgruntled spectators that Association Football is becoming dull to watch. But the weather has had a lot to do with this. Soccer, after all, is more dependent upon firm turf than Rugby football. When a Soccer ball starts skidding all over the place, it 's exceedingly difficult for the players to produce that exquisite skill which we all so much admire. Rugby football, on the other hand, merely changes in character with the weather.

There 's as much enjoyment in a real tear-away, slogging forward game, with the ball as heavy as lead, as there is in the most brilliant exposition of back play on a dry ground.

The Soccer people, incidentally, do take their game in every way more seriously than their Rugby brethren. And now they have brought out a football robot to help them in their training.

This robot is a sort of trench mortar. It can catapult balls to any part of the field, with the utmost precision, and will even take corner kicks with perfect accuracy. Obviously it should prove a great asset for practice purposes.

I don't see how any such machine could help Rugby footballers, but I do think there 's still room for a vast improvement in place kicking. It is a bit irritating, week after week, to see simple place kicks missed; and, although the complaint is a familiar one, the only way to secure an improvement is to keep hammering at it.

I HEAR, by the way, that there is a chance that H. S. Sever will reconsider his retirement and return to representative football. If he does, the England selectors are on velvet, though I write before the second trial match at Ipswich. It may be that this trial will upset all our preconceived notions. But at present the England team appears to be taking shape almost automatically—a very unusual state of affairs.

It reminds me of the great days when Kershaw, Davies, Wakefield, Conway and the rest of them were playing, and the selectors knew pretty well before trial matches began that twelve or thirteen places in the England team were already filled.

It 's much the same to-day. And I dare say the selectors, without much difficulty,

The Amateur Ice Championships—Some of the Competitors

Daphne Walker, Brenda Stroud, Pamela Stephany, H. Graham Sharp, Pamela Sheridan, Gladys Jagger, and I. M. Currie had just been practising for the Championships at Wembley last week. Thirteen-year-old Daphne Walker was third to Cecilia Colledge and Megan Taylor in the Women's Championship. H. Graham Sharp retained the Men's Championship

A view of the Stowe v. the Veterans' game on the School ground, when Stowe gave a strong Veterans' side a good beating—sixteen points to three

could already name the players who will represent England against Wales next month.

IT 's much more congenial, as a matter of fact, to think of tennis and sunshine just now; and I see that Donald Budge is continuing his winning way in Australia. He had to fight hard to beat young John Bromwich in the finals of the Victoria Championship ten days ago, for he only won 8—6, 6—3, 9—7. Still, his record in championship singles is extraordinary, for he has not lost a match since last June.

I daresay he had some trouble with the fast Australian courts, where Australian players are much more formidable than they are in this country or America. Jack Crawford gave him a great fight in the semi-final, and this young Bromwich is a player of the highest promise. He makes strokes with either hand, which is apt to be disconcerting, and he is certainly a potential Wimbledon Champion.

Budge was not so fortunate in the doubles, for he and Mako were beaten by Crawford and McGrath, that very formidable couple who beat Perry and Hughes in 1935.

THE boxing situation, still pretty nebulous after the Strickland-Delaney fiasco, has not cleared itself up a great deal, though it is just possible that John Henry Lewis, the negro cruiser-weight champion of the world, may defend his title against Jock McAvoy at Wembley in January. It all depends whether Lewis accepts Mr. Elvin's offer of £2000 inclusive of expenses, which is rather a come-down after the very considerable offer made to him a little while ago—an offer which he rather contemptuously, and certainly unwisely, turned down.

In the meanwhile, Lewis has been beaten by Castanaga of Cuba. But he still remains the champion, and McAvoy would dearly love a crack at him. If this fight does come off, it should be a better one than most. Lewis is by no means invincible. McAvoy in his best form would have a very good chance of beating him.

Ben Foord has gone into rigorous training for his bout with Max Schmeling at Hamburg on January 30th. Foord is taking this affair seriously, as indeed he must, for upon his showing his boxing future depends.

He could not well have picked a more dangerous opponent, and even those most friendlily disposed towards him cannot be over optimistic about his chances. Schemling is boxer and fighter combined, and unless Foord has improved tremendously, he will be wide open to that deadly right hand. Foord, at any rate, has courage and character, and I hope to be there to wish him luck.

The Eton Field Game—J. C. Butterwick's v. A. C. H. Hewson's in the semi-finals of the House Ties

The University Cross-Country Race—Cambridge Win by Thirty-Four Points to Forty-Four

Oxford: J. K. Hawkey, who came in second in 44 min. 11 sec., R. H. Percival, D. R. Martin (fourth), E. Priestly, E. P. Dewar, J. T. H. McNair

Cambridge: H. C. Still, D. G. Chamberlain, E. E. Jourdain, B. F. Brearley, E. C. Weir, first man home, covering 7½ miles of heavy country in 43 min. 13 sec., W. M. F. Hudson (third)

Plans For Future Air Travel

By Charles Ward

Air Stations for London

IT is a strange commentary on our foresight that London possesses one of the world's worst aerodromes as its terminal station. Croydon was considered the best site in those days immediately following the war, when money for such developments was not forthcoming, and no one visualised the need for space. It was essential to secure a site as free from fog as possible, and there is some doubt that Croydon was a fair choice in this respect. The development of wireless and the aid to safe operation through light signals, is discounting the dangers from fog and the need for maintaining schedules in any weather is compelling the authorities, both official and commercial, to seek an aerodrome for London, larger and safer than the one we have at present. Looking ahead—ignoring fog as an obstacle to safety in the air or when landing—the ideal airport must be easily approached from the centre of London by electric train; also large enough to allow departures and arrivals to be made with no visibility but with the guidance of wireless signals. For Continental traffic, an airport to the south is desirable, because such a situation offers a saving in time when proceeding south and east. For internal communications, there is very little to choose between a site to the west, north or east. The City of London is proposing to develop an airport to the east—at Fairlop Plain, in Essex, which is part of the Borough of Ilford. Ground communication depends on a system of electrification to be installed by the L.P.T.B., and approach by air, during the major part of the year, will necessitate a very exact control by wireless. The east of London is usually shrouded by smoke, and in the winter months, fog, low cloud and rain add to the difficulties of navigation. Assuming that wireless control is brought to a stage of perfection whereby pilots can trust the man in the control tower to keep them out of danger, an aerodrome, nearly 1000 acres in extent, with eight runways of 2000 yards in length, is an attraction. The alternative, considered more suitable by Imperial Airways for their section of Continental traffic by landplane, is situated in Kent at Lullingstone. It does not suffer from fog, but, on the other hand, it is high enough to be bothered by low cloud and will be more expensive to level. Its air approach, coupled with an electric rail connection to Victoria, will be more convenient for Londoners going to France, Switzerland and the South. Fairlop could claim a better air connection to the north-east, and also for internal routes between north and north-west. Both are required to cater for the traveller of the future, and the only regret that need be indulged by the ratepayer and the taxpayer is that they were not discovered and developed sooner. London will never be an ideal city to approach from the air, owing to its vast size expressed in square miles, and to its bad siting meteorologically. For this latter we have to blame the Romans!

World Travel

HAVING taught the world the importance of transport, we are engaged busily in the race to maintain our supremacy. Short Brothers have started to build the successor to the Empire flying-boat. In America, tenders are requested for boats to carry 100 passengers, cruising at 200 miles an hour. Colonel Lindbergh, adviser to Pan-American Airways, came out of retirement in Kent to visit the States for the purpose of helping his country to plan the ocean transport that will replace ships for mails and passengers in a hurry. France has ordered six-engined monoplanes from Latecoere to maintain her own line to South America. Germany still puts faith in airships, a policy that she is likely to pursue alone, for the flying-boat is three times as fast, cheaper to build, quicker to replace, and more useful in case of war. Imperial Airways has started an "Atlantic" school at Croydon—strange place to cater for the needs of ocean travel, yet the problems of navigation are common to all routes. Mails for this Christmas season, to be sent by air, are expected to approach 80 tons. At the three-halfpenny rate, the normal rush will be increased tremendously. How many people leave their shopping and their cards of greeting until the last week?—the air mail offers yet a further opportunity to those who procrastinate. Seven extra flying-boat services have been put on to South Africa alone.

Coastal Patrol. Three Avro "Ansons," a type recently developed for reconnaissance, making a practice flight in formation. The gunner's revolving turret is seen in the 'plane nearest the camera. Photography, submarine spotting and destruction, liaison with the fleet and shore batteries are some of the duties allotted to "Anson" Squadrons

Soaring Flight

ON Thursday last, Squadron-Leader Buxton, R.A.F., read an interesting paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society on the subject of soaring flight, and the means by which performance in England could be improved. Gliding and soaring being pure sport, dependent for their success on the skill of the individual, without the aid of an engine or wireless reports in the air, it might appear that there is little or no case for encouragement by the aircraft industry or the Government. On the other hand, a pilot who has learnt how the air behaves by mastering the art of sailplaning, knows more of practical meteorology than most of those who begin on a power driven aeroplane. Sq.-Leader Buxton reminded his audience that we were behind the Germans, the Poles, and the Swiss in the matter of performance, due no doubt to lack of practice and shortage of new designs. The Clubs need more support, especially from the Industry, each member of which might produce a modern sailplane as a New Year's gift from its experimental department. The lecturer mentioned that performance in excess of anything yet achieved might be gained with a type having no tail. In appearance it would resemble the Pterodactyl, the power-driven dragon, familiar to all who attend the R.A.F. displays.

This England . . .

Painswick Beacon on the Stroud—Glos.

THE seeming accident of hedge and bank, of lonely tree or sudden copse, does much for the careless beauty of our English landscape. Yet 'tis by no accident that they are there; they are reservoirs of water for our rich earth. But, quotha, surely we have enough day by day in this rain-swept isle? Too much, indeed, and for that it must be held, else would it lift the tilled soil into streams and rivers, making flood, disaster and loss. Like many good things in the English life, they are so familiar that their essential service is unheeded. No sudden invention this—it "came about" in the course of centuries (like your Worthington, another daily servitor of your good).

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Scores and the Ball

By Eleanor E. Helme

Laurels for an Ex-Girl Champion

Miss Peggy Edwards' record-breaking 74 at Manchester (one below par) is discussed by Miss Helme this week

DEAR BYSTANDER—

NOBODY wishes less than I do to be for ever stuffing Girl Champions, past, present, or future, down your throat. We all have a holy horror of infant prodigies, and it is quite easy to make too much of what is done by the young amongst the young. However, when the girls who have shone their little shine at Stoke Poges go out into the world of older golf, and shine there too, it is time to take notice and see whether they are really going to make good. Returning a gross score one under the L.G.U. par of a course may certainly be said to merit mention, particularly when it is on a course of the size and difficulty of Manchester, and the time of year is winter. That is what Miss Peggy Edwards, who won the Girls' Championship in 1936, and was runner-up this year, has done. She will be too old to compete again next year; in fact, she must henceforth be judged by the harsher standards of grown-up golf, but if this is the sort of score she can produce—74 on a 75 par—then we may expect her to be equal to the strain. Amongst other things, it gives her the record for the course.

I HAD nearly written that, of course, score play ought never to be reckoned so high as match play; to defeat a really famous opponent in a county match or championship means more than any card. Then doubt assailed me. A famous opponent may have a day off, the difficulties of a course, never; many sound critics hold score play the irrefutable, infallible, acid test. So it may be of shot playing, but can mere shot playing ever take the place of the pluck which stands up to a flesh-and-blood opponent? Championships are decided by match play; so is the Curtis Cup, the Vagliano Cup, the home internationals. A player may be able to return low score after low score in medal play, but it does not mean necessarily that she would go near winning a championship or be of the slightest use in any international side. Does it come down to it that the great match player can almost always do good medal rounds, but that the brilliant scorer need not by any means have also the extra qualities that make the supreme match player? I rather think so.

I HAD a very interesting talk the other day with the prime mover for the revision of scratch scores for the L.G.U. with the co-operation of the men's Union, which is to take place. In due course we shall hear all about it; for the moment there is nothing to report in public, except good progress and the need for patience in awaiting results, which must necessarily take time to achieve. There is an immense amount of hard work being done, and this must bear fruit eventually.

WHAT on earth would a past generation, that danced at the old original Grosvenor House half a century ago, have said to the Golf Ball in the modern one nowadays? Doubtless they would have enjoyed themselves immensely, whatever their views on modern dance music, but the golfing sideshows would without doubt have puzzled them, even if a few of the men might have played golf of the straightforward, out-of-doors, orthodox kind. What would they have made of the driving competition, with its electrically-recorded lengths; the pitching, the putting? At the moment of writing, it is not possible to say how many hundreds of pounds the evening put into the coffers of St. Mary's Hospital Extension Fund; the total was still mounting steadily in illuminated figures above the balcony in the small hours; men were still taking off their coats and ladies their shoes to smite balls into nets at half-a-crown for five, and charming nurses were still selling tickets for gifts when the small hours were growing larger; while the number of dancers suggested that the tickets must have been well up to the average.

THERE were plenty of distinguished golfers there, and it was really good fun to see how a Walker Cup player could miss-hit a drive into a net if he had on a stiff enough collar and boiled shirt, or a lady champion be as much at sea as anybody else amongst the rubber pegs of the putting.

The two Miss Bartons were there; so was Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Phyllis Wade, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, Miss Doris Chambers, the holders of BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes, Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Argles, the captain of the Champion County, Mrs. Crosthwaite; Mrs. Fergus Morton, Hon. Treasurer for the Wakefield Trophy; all of them looking extremely nice, proving once again that the woman golfer nowadays knows how to dress both on the course and off it.

Mr. George Hannay was a host in himself, as well as chairman, facing with equal courage the microphone and the stockwhip of the cabaret turn; Mr. Kenneth Morrice and Mr. Stanley Anderson, as authors of *The Man at Liberty*, produced at the Aldwych on Sunday, gave quite a literary look to one table, and Henry Cotton and his party really hall-marked this as a golfing fixture.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

At the Golf Ball, Miss Diana Fishwick gave a sideshow display, with Brig.-General A. C. Critchley looking on

The Barton sisters, Mervyn and Pam, had a drink at the Grosvenor House "nineteenth" with Mr. Ken Braddon and Mr. Henry Garside

Another cheerful Golf Ball foursome—Mrs. Dale Bourn and Mrs. G. Carbutt are with Mr. Robert Sweeny and Mr. G. Carbutt

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Hewas

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

A Rover Sixteen sports saloon outside Chamonix with Mont Blanc towering into the background

In the BYSTANDER of November 24th I wrote a paragraph dealing with the strange fact that Reuter's and the R.A.C. were at some divergence over who actually were the previous holders of the mile and kilo records which Rosemeyer recently beat on his sensational dash during the Internationale Rekordwochen on the Frankfürt Autobahn.

Apparently my statement that either Reuter's or the Royal Automobile Club was wrong shook up the latter more than somewhat, for Col. F. Lindsay Lloyd, Keeper of the Records for the R.A.C., immediately took a header into the archives and emerged triumphant, as a result of which activity he subsequently wrote to Reuter's pointing out that in June of last year the Secretary of the Association Internationale des Automobile-Clubs Reconnus received an application from the Automobile Club of Brazil for the acceptance and recognition of certain performances claimed to have been made by Herr Stuck at Rio de Janeiro (the records notified by Reuter's and which I referred to in my previous article).

On examination of the documents, however, the A.I.A.C.R. found that these performances had not been made in accordance with the rules for records laid down in the Code Sportif and, consequently, after obtaining the views of several members of the International Competitions Committee, the Chairman decided that that Committee could not accept the records which, therefore, were never homologated.

So that is that, and the spiders may once again resume their tenancy of the aforesaid archives.

THE most important British motoring event of the "close season" is always the R.A.C. Rally. Competitors in this event converge from any of several pre-determined starting controls on one finishing-point where a variety of eliminating tests against the watch ensue, followed by a Concours d'Élégance. Altogether the road section occupies about thirty-six hours in which approximately 1000 miles have to be covered in two nights and a day, the whole event running from a Tuesday night until the following Saturday.

For the last six years, the Rally has been held each year in March and the finishing-point has always been some South Coast resort. For 1938, however, a number of changes are being instituted.

Of late the entry has been depreciating numerically, possibly because the strain of thirty-six consecutive hours at the wheel in March weather is "too much like work." The 1936 Rally was marked by a tragic accident in which one competitor was killed and his driver gravely injured. Last year my own car was involved in a skid at 2 a.m. on the second night's run when we suddenly ran on to a patch of ice on a corner. My Talbot was completely written off and my unfortunate co-driver received a nasty cut on his forehead and neck injuries.

For next year's run, which will start on April 26th, finishing at Blackpool on 30th, the competitors' task has been rendered appreciably more congenial, for the start will take place in the forenoon of the Tuesday and on the Wednesday evening there will be a compulsory stop for the night, a re-start taking place on the Thursday morning.

Blackpool will be reached on the Thursday afternoon after an easy run of about 200 miles, and the usual acceleration and braking tests will follow before the cars are parked for the night in some open space—to make starting up more difficult the following morning. On the Friday the eliminating tests will be carried out, and the affair will conclude with the Concours d'Élégance on the Saturday.

TEN days hence the 1938 Motor Racing Season opens with the South African Grand Prix run at East London. This is followed on January 16th by the Grosvenor Grand Prix at Cape Town.

A number of British drivers will compete in these Races, including Earl Howe and Raymond Mays at the wheel of E.R.A. cars and W. G. Everitt with a Maserati.

The races are over road-courses of about 200 miles' length and Mays took his 4½-litre Bentley over with him for general use and also for familiarising himself with the circuits. I chanced to be at the E.R.A. works at Bourne on the day when Mays first took delivery of this Bentley, and very handsome it was—a lovely thing of gleaming black and chromium with its graceful lines suggestive of safe speed and dignified tractability.

There is something about a thoroughbred motor car, like the Bentley, which "sells itself" on sight to dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts—and, by the way, that is a rather happy expression to have used, for Mays is, of course, a wool merchant and certainly he was "sold on" this Bentley, for he showed me its manifold refinements that day with no ordinary pride of possession

ONLY a few days ago I received the official R.A.C. Certificate confirming George Eyston's new land-speed record at 312 m.p.h., and already I hear of advanced plans afoot to eclipse this performance.

John Cobb has a special car under construction by Thomson and Taylor, at Brooklands, especially designed by Reid Railton to capture this record, and I now learn that Cobb has applied to the A.A.A for the use of the Bonneville Salt Flats from September 1st to 15th next; but he may find his task even more difficult than appears at present, for Eyston himself hopes to return to Utah next April to endeavour to better his new record, while there is also talk of the tireless Ab Jenkins having a crack at it.

A Merry Christmas, everyone!

This pearl-white Daimler Twenty limousine has just been delivered to the Maharani of Kolhapur. Its windows are of purdah glass so that the passengers cannot be seen, and it carries an orange "Royalty light" above the windscreen

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All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to each her not later than the first day of the following month*

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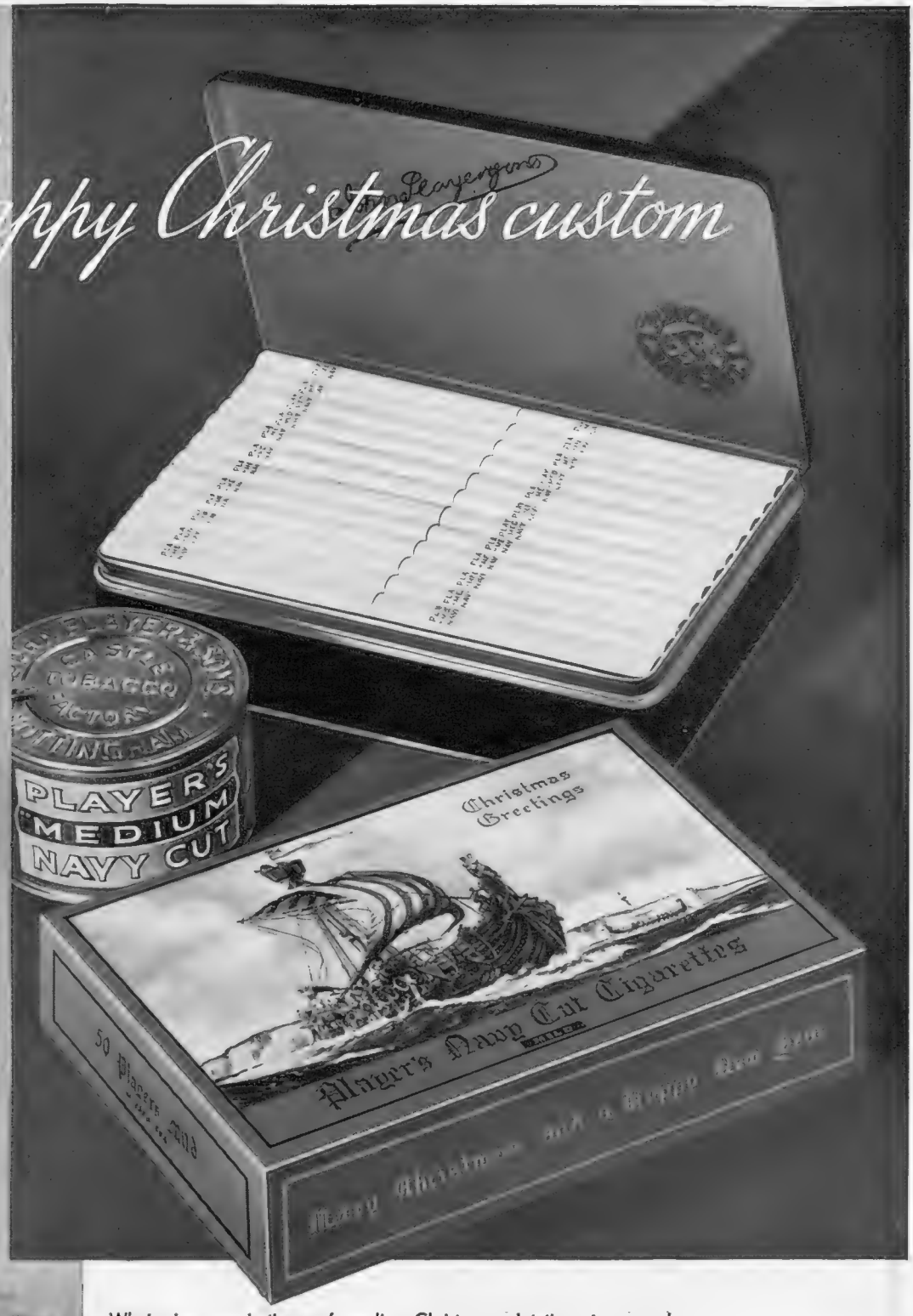

What wiser way is there of sending Christmas salutations to a smoker friend than by a big handsome packing of the Cigarettes he buys daily himself—Player's Navy Cut? His appreciation will be sincere, his pleasure certain. Colourful cartons will, as usual, carry your message in seasonable fashion and remember 'Medium' are the favourite blend, but if your gift must be a 'Mild' Cigarette ask for "Player's Mild Please."

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NCC 411x

White Mice at the Manor

(Continued from page 461)

see no good reason for departing from my rule. Picking up my suitcase, I made my way upstairs to the bedroom immediately over the drawing-room, and after donning pyjamas and getting ready for the night, I wrapped myself in a travelling-rug and lay down upon the big four-poster. The room, I reflected, had been occupied by the Admiral and his wife—the trustees had told me as much—and since it was they who had complained of the disturbances, it was reasonable to suppose that their bedroom would prove as good a vantage-point for the ghost-hunter as anywhere else in the house. Besides, I had a conviction that I had already got to the root of the trouble, and seen all I was likely to see that night. To-morrow I would take my leave, and send in a report to the trustees. Ten minutes later I had fallen into an uneasy sleep.

It must have been about two o'clock on Christmas morning when I awoke, to find the moonlight streaming into the room through the uncurtained casement. Bemused at first, and with my eyes heavy with sleep, I struggled for a time to remember where I was and how I came to be there, then recollection returned to me, and I sat upright in bed, drawing the travelling-rug close up round my neck. I was afraid, most desperately afraid, for, from the drawing-room below, there reached me, clear and bell-like, the tinkling notes of the spinet!

I got out of bed, trembling in every limb, and with the rug still draped round my shoulders, stole out into the passage and down the wide staircase, walking on tip-toe. The music grew louder as I approached the door of the drawing-room, and I remembered that I had left the spinet open, and Susan Poynter's gay measure on the music-stand. Very softly I opened the door and peered into the room. The log fire, which had been blazing merrily when I went upstairs to bed, was now almost extinct, but the sudden draught from the doorway fanned it into flame for a moment or two, and by the light thus provided I was able to see clearly into the far corners of the room.

Immediately cold horror had me in its grip, and I stood transfixed upon the threshold, scarcely daring to breathe. There was no one in the room, the music-stool was empty, and yet somebody, or something, was playing the spinet. In the uncertain flickering light I could see the keys dancing up and down, as though depressed and released by agile fingers! Nor was this all, for upon the parquet floor behind the stool the two little white mice scampered frenziedly to and fro in time to the music. Then the fire flared up in a last expiring blaze, and I understood, or partly understood, something that had been puzzling me. These little white mice were no mice at all; but a pair of tiny human feet in satin slippers!

The fire died down, leaving the room in darkness, save for a faint gleam of moonlight stealing in through the closed shutters, and groping clumsily I switched on the electric light. Instantly the music ceased, and where the little feet had danced there was nothing to be seen. For the rest of that night I sat huddled up in a chair in the drawing-room, with the lights blazing and the rug drawn closely round my shoulders, and it was with a sensation of profound relief that I at last beheld the daylight piercing the cracks in the shutters, and heard the bells of Compton Folyat Church ringing in another Christmas morning.

As soon as I got home, I wrote to the trustees; a carefully-worded letter, in which I said little or nothing of my experiences, but asked them to find out whether anything was known of one, Susan Poynter, or of the history of the spinet in the drawing-room. "The place is certainly troubled," I said, "but until these two matters are cleared up, I do not think I can do very much to help."

The reply from the trustees was satisfactory up to a point. Susan, whose Gay Measure had disturbed me in the night watches, was a Folyat on her mother's side, and disappeared mysteriously on Christmas Eve in the year 1786. She was then eight years old, and her grandfather, Lord Folyat, with whom she had been living at the Manor, was found drowned in Compton mill-race a few days later. By all accounts he was a hard man, and nobody in the neighbourhood was greatly distressed by his death. The little girl was never seen again, her mother and father were both dead, and her uncle, the new Lord Folyat, was abroad at the time, so that by degrees the mystery came to be forgotten. With regard to the spinet, the trustees could tell me nothing, except that it had been in the possession of the Folyats for a very long time, and was certainly at the Manor at the time of Susan's disappearance.

Well, of course, this simply whetted my appetite, and I wrote off at once to the trustees asking for further information. I wanted to know more about Susan's parents, and the old Lord Folyat who came to an untimely end in the mill-race. I received no direct answer to my questions, but instead I was sent a mass of miscellaneous papers—old diaries, letters, and so forth—and from these I was able at last to piece together a story.

Old Lord Folyat, as I had already learned, was a hard man and cruel. He came of Puritan stock, and must have inherited most of the traditions of his ancestors, for he would brook no gaiety in his household, and ruled his family with grim austerity. His lovely young wife, Lady Folyat, was half Spanish; and her warm southern blood rebelled against the irksome restrictions to which she was subjected by her husband. She bore him a son and a daughter, Susan's mother, before she died of smallpox at the age of twenty.

Susan's mother developed early the rebellious nature of the dead Lady Folyat. She had a passion for dancing, which her Puritan father abhorred, and secretly longed to become a dancer by profession. When she was seventeen she ran away from home and joined a company of strolling players, dancing every night for her living, and enjoying every hour of her new and crazy life. At the age of eighteen she met and married a young actor named Poynter, and when she learned that she was about to have a child, she wrote to her father, telling him the news. There was no reply, for Lord Folyat, ruthlessly logical as ever, could not forgive his daughter for her unfilial and (to his way of thinking) irreligious conduct, but when, three years later, young Poynter died suddenly of pneumonia, she wrote again to the embittered old man, begging him, for the sake of his dead wife and the little granddaughter whom he had never seen, to take pity upon herself and her child, now destitute and on the verge of starvation.

The old Puritan relented, his merciless consistency deserting him at last, and Susan and her mother went to live at Compton Folyat Manor. And here I can picture them, revelling together in those rare moments of bliss when the stern old lord was away from home, and they could indulge in that passion which both had inherited. Susan, I conceive, would dance to her mother's playing, the "Gay Measure" would trickle metallically from the spinet in the big drawing-room, while the servants, loyal to the young mistress, kept watch and ward lest his Lordship should return home unexpectedly.

But their happiness was short-lived, for when Susan was five years old, her mother, died, worn out with the privation and misery she had endured after the death of her husband, and little Susan was left alone in that gloomy house, with none but the grim old lord and the servants for company.

I suppose she still kept up her dancing, partly out of loyalty to her dead mother, and partly because dancing was in her blood, but it must have been a lonely, furtive business for the poor little mite, with none to play the spinet for her, and with the constant dread of discovery hanging over her head. Three years later, as we know, she disappeared, her grandfather's body was taken from the mill-race, and her uncle, whom she had never seen, came into the title and the estate.

I pieced together this story, as I have said, from the documents in my possession, and sent a copy to the trustees. The Manor, I repeated, was undoubtedly haunted, and it seemed likely that little Susan Poynter's melancholy history had something to do with it, but I could make no suggestions for the laying of the ghost, beyond destroying the spinet. The trustees thanked me courteously for my trouble, and I heard no more of the matter until some months later, when I received from them a letter which made my blood run cold.

"With regard [it said] to the supposed haunting of Compton Folyat Manor, it may interest you to know of a surprising discovery which has come to light during the past week. The parquet flooring of the big drawing-room, the scene of your strange experience, has lately been showing signs of dry-rot, and on the advice of experts we have called in workmen to relay the whole floor. They began work a week ago, and on taking up that portion of the parquet where the spinet used to stand, came upon the skeleton of a female child, about eight years of age. A curious feature of the discovery is that the skeleton's feet were missing, having been severed at the ankles, apparently with some sharp instrument."

Of course it was clear to me at once what must have happened, but at first I put the thought away from me. It was too horrible. But as time went on, and I could hit upon no other solution of the mystery, I became convinced that I was right.

Late on Christmas Eve, 1786, little Susan Poynter slipped out of bed, put on her white satin dancing shoes—always kept hidden in a drawer—and crept downstairs to the big drawing-room. The household, including her stern grandfather, was fast asleep, and I pictured her, a pathetic little figure in her white nightgown, pausing a moment outside the old lord's door and listening intently, with her ear to the keyhole.

In the drawing-room she danced, half fearfully and yet with a wild exhilaration, while the dull red glow from the embers of the dying fire bathed the little corybant in an eerie light. Who knows, perhaps her dead mother accompanied her dancing on the spinet, and the tinkling notes of Susan Poynter's Gay Measure roused the old Puritan in the bedroom overhead and brought him hurrying downstairs?

That he came down I have little doubt—it may be that he thought there were thieves in the house, or the servants were indulging in a forbidden carouse—and as he passed through the hall he snatched down an Oriental scimitar which hung there, a trophy brought home, years before, from a voyage in the East. He opened the drawing-room door and looked in, and something snapped inside his brain.

In the churchyard at Compton Folyat there is a little grave, with a plain headstone of grey granite, recently erected. On the headstone are the words—

SUSAN POYNTER
BORN, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1778
DIED DECEMBER 25TH, 1786.

That is all. The spinet has been burned, and there are no more disturbances at the Manor. [THE END.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 22—December 28

For Christmas arrangements and special matinées in the Theatres, readers are referred to their daily papers

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson lead, Saint-Denis produced, Motley decorated: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30, from Dec. 24th.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, 7.

PEOPLE AT SEA.—Priestley's third concurrent play is not as good as the others, but holds interest in a group of people in a burnt-out liner: Apollo, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Sheridan's comedy is part of the Gielgud season; brilliantly acted, it out-plays and outwits every modernity: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian Tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHOOSE YOUR TIME.—A new kind of revue mixture; Yvonne Arnaud, Frances Day, Nelson Keys: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious revue will make a pleasant and not taxing evening; Elizabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves in a musical comedy: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

OH! YOU LETTY.—A musical comedy that's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson, Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 99.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS BACK.—Henry Edwards as Drummond: Savoy, 8.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks makes a bright success of a farce whose chief advantage is his acting and Miss Jane Carr's: Cambridge, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—An American farce with an all-American cast: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

THINK OF A NUMBER.—Winifred Shotter, Douglas Byng and Sara Allgood in a farcical comedy that gathers speed after hesitations: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALADDIN.—Elsie Randolph as Aladdin; Arthur Riscoe as Widow Twankey: Adelphi, twice daily from Dec. 24th.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS: Playhouse, 2.30.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30 from Dec. 27th.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—With Robin Maule: Garrick, matinées from Dec. 27th.

CINDERELLA.—Stanley Lupino and Madge Elliott: Prince's, from Dec. 27.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA.—With Sebastian Shaw: Phœnix, 2.30 and 8, from Dec. 27th.

PETER PAN.—Anna Neagle as Peter, Pamela Standish as Wendy, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook: Palladium, matinées from Dec. 24th.

TREASURE ISLAND.—With Malcolm Keen: Savoy, 2.30, from Dec. 27th.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD: Fortune, matinées from Dec. 27th.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

Circuses

BERTRAM MILLS': Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

ALTHOF'S: Royal Agricultural Hall.

First Nights

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU.—The George Kaufman-Moss Hart success, with an English cast: St. James's to-night, 22nd.

A LADY'S GENTLEMAN.—A new comedy, with Ronald Squire, Margaretta Scott, Helen Haye: Vaudeville Dec. 23rd.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson, Robert Helpmann, Gyles Isham: Old Vic, Dec. 27th.

CINEMAS

ALI BABA (American).—The new Eddie Cantor fantasia: Gaumont.

AMPHITRYON: Curzon, from Dec. 27th.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; François Rosay, Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

HEIDI (American).—The new Shirley Temple film Regal.

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour music and a good story; Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name-part. *Wells Fargo*, with Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, from Dec. 24th: Carlton.

MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR (British).—Erich von Stroheim as a sinister spy chief, Dita Parlo as one of his charming employees, in a Salonika war story with plenty of movement: London Pavilion.

MARIE WALEWSKA (American).—The new Garbo film, with Garbo as Marie Walewska and Charles Boyer as Napoleon: Empire.

MONICA AND MARTIN (German).—Luise Ullrich and Viktor de Kowa are the model and artist who star in this Bohemian life film. Berkeley.

OH, MR. PORTER (British).—Will Hay and his gang Marble Arch.

PARADISE FOR TWO (British).—Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis star in this musical: Odeon.

THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (British).—Barry K. Barnes and Sophie Stewart: Tivoli.

A SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS (British).—Rex Harrison and June Clyde are in it: New Gallery.

TRUE CONFESSION (American).—Carole Lombard and Fred McMurray are in it: Plaza.

UNDERWORLD (French).—Jean (*Pépé le Moko*) Gabin plays the lead, with Suzy Prim opposite; Renoir directed this prize film from Maxim Gorky: Curzon.

THE WHITE SQUADRON (Italian).—Shot in Libya, the theme of this noble film is man's task in the world—or one conception of it: Academy.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE MAGIC FLUTE.—To-day, 22nd, 2.30.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Preceded by ballet. To-night, 22nd, 8; and Monday, 27th, 2.30.

LA BOHÈME.—Monday, 27th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARNAVAL, APPARITIONS, LAC DES CYGNES II.—Thurs., 23rd, 8.30.

BAISER DE LA FÉE, BARABAU, CHECKMATE.—Tues. 28th, 8.30.

COVENT GARDEN:

LES BALLETS POLONAIS.—Slavska, Yusskievitch, Glinka, Konarski, Kilinski, and company in five new ballets by Nijinska; 8.45. Wed., 2.30.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Vandyk

Judith Cramer-Roberts

Is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Walter Cramer-Roberts, and Mrs. Cramer-Roberts, of 125, Queen's Court, W.1, and is engaged to Alex M. Symington, of 11, Thomas Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1

Dorothy Wilding

Muffet Gordon-Smith

Is engaged to Dudley Ware, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ware, of Rustington Hall, Rustington, Sussex. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon-Smith, of Walhurst Manor, Cowfold, Sussex

Lenare

Mary Kathleen Jackaman

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jackaman, of Highfield, Slough, Bucks. Her fiancé is Alec Wingfield, son of the late Dr. B. R. Wingfield and Mrs. Wingfield, of West Drayton, Middlesex

Janet Jevons

Joan Landon

Is engaged to Desmond Atkinson, K.O.Y.L.I., only son of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Hubert and Mrs. Atkinson. She is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Landon, of Cortworth House, Wentworth, Yorks.

Bassano

Deirdre Sainsbury

Is engaged to Fl.-Lt. Alick Foord-Kelcey, son of the late W. B. Foord-Kelcey, and Mrs. Foord-Kelcey, of Ragwen, Horsham, Sussex. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Pomroy Sainsbury, of 46, Queen Anne St., W.1, and Chaldens, Broadbridge Heath, Sussex

Lenare

Ann Dorothy Barclay

Has announced her engagement to John MacG. Asher, of 7, King's Bench Walk, Temple. She is the elder daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Barclay, of Great Holland Rectory, Essex

Lenare

Elizabeth Mary Meade

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. H. E. Meade, of Farley Court, Reading, Berks. She is engaged to Captain John Lionel Vining, Devonshire Regiment, son of the late Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Vining

Janet Jevon

Victoria Williams-Bulkele

Is the daughter of the late Major R. Williams-Bulkeley, and Mrs. Rola Norman, of Bylsborough, Henfield, Sussex, and granddaughter of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley. She is engaged to Hubert Alfred Cleary, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cleary, of Brighton

Lenare

Sheila Ferguson

Sheila Lucy Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ferguson, of Whitebrook, near Chepstow, has announced her engagement to Arnold Jack Gurney, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gurney, of South Nutfield, Surrey

Lenare

Gabrielle Mary Burrows

Sir Robert and Lady Burrows' daughter is engaged to Robert Alan Crossley, son of the late Alan H. Crossley, and Mrs. Barton, of Glan-y-Wern Hall, Denbigh. Miss Burrows' parents live at Bonis Hall, Prestbury, Cheshire

Bassano

Mary Allen

Is the elder daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. J. D. Allen, of Red Cottage, St. Albans, Herts. and is engaged to Joseph L. W. Cheyne, eldest son of Col. Sir Joseph Cheyne, Bt., and Lady Cheyne, of Manor House, Compton Chamberlayne, Salisbury

Kay Vaughan

Cynthia Hemmerde

Is the daughter of E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., Recorder of Liverpool, and Mrs. Oswald Webber, of Hampton Lodge, Hurstpierpoint, and is engaged to Philip Thorowgood, son of Comm. Arthur Thorowgood, of Hoglane Farm, Ashley Green

Dennis — Reynolds

Royston E. Dennis and Amelia Reynolds were married at the Savoy Chapel. He is the son of John C. Dennis, of Down Place, Guildford, and she is the daughter of the late Charles Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds, of Yardley Park, Tonbridge, Kent, and Buenos Aires

Knapton — Armstrong

Lieut. Edric Knapton, R.N., son of the late Capt. Knapton, R.N., and Mrs. Knapton, of 39, Selborne Road, Hove, and Beatrice Armstrong, daughter of the late F. E. J. Armstrong, and Mrs. Armstrong, of 9, St. George's Avenue, Weymouth, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Chapman — Higgs

H. M. Pruger Chapman, son of the late H. Pruger, and Mrs. Pruger, of Avon Lodge, Little Common, Bexhill, and M. K. Higgs, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Higgs, of Beechcroft, Woking, were married at St. Peter's, Old Woking

Anderson — Walker

John D'Arcy Anderson, the Inniskillings, son of the late Major Anderson, and Mrs. Anderson, of Ballyhossett, Downpatrick, Co. Down, and Elizabeth Antoinette Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Walker, of Ballards, Wickham Bishops, Essex, were married at St. Bartholomew's, Wickham Bishops

Urling-Clark — Bell

Lieut. Edward Urling Clark, R.N., only son of E. G. Urling Clark, of Rulewater, Kingsley Green, Surrey, and Margaret Lorna Bell, daughter of Sir Charles Bell, of Edgcombe, Crowthorne, Berks., were married at All Saints', Wokingham

Beddoes — Murray-White

Edward Minton Beddoes, of Minton House, Church Stretton, Salop, and 27, Collingham Gardens, S.W., and Jean Murray-White, daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. S. Murray-White, of 43, St. Mary Abbot's Court, and Shotley Lodge, Johannesburg, were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Hamilton — Clark

Hopton Founes Hamilton and Viva Dolores Clark were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. His parents are Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. A. Clark, of High Glanau, Monmouthshire, and hers are Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Clark, of Red Lodge, Tadworth, Surrey

Edwardes — Sandeman

H. G. (Dick) Edwardes, 10th Gurkha Rifles, and Helen Diana Sandeman, daugher of the late Major Malcolm Sandeman, and Mrs. Sandeman, of 8, Wear Bay Crescent, Folkestone, were married at St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate. Mr. Edwardes is the son of Col. and Mrs. J. Edwardes, of Norton, Bexley

Thornton — Laidlaw

Lt.-Col. Frank Thornton, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, and Margaret Laidlaw, daughter of the Rt. Hon. T. K. Laidlaw, of Somerton, Castleknock, Co. Dublin, were married at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin

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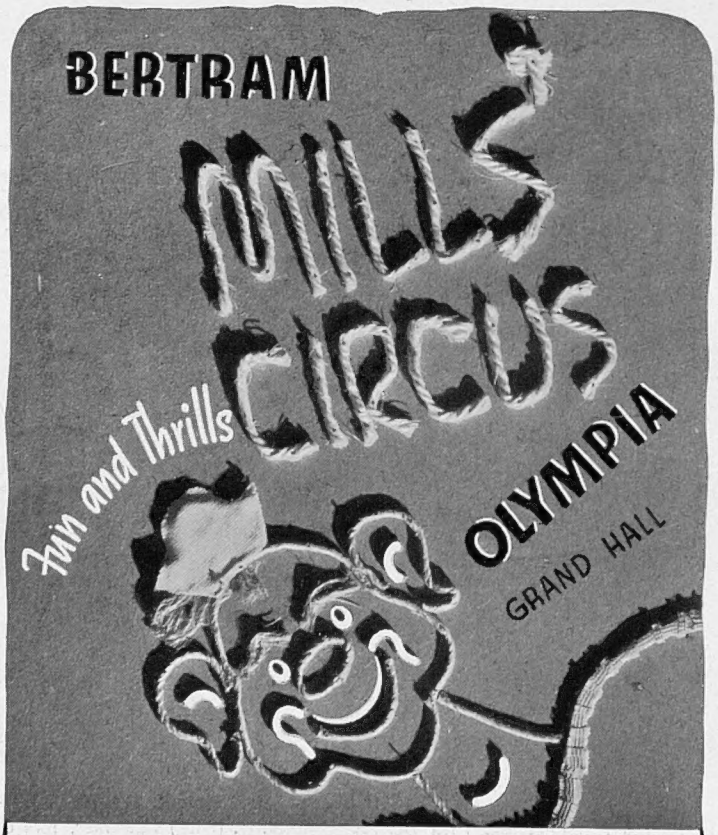
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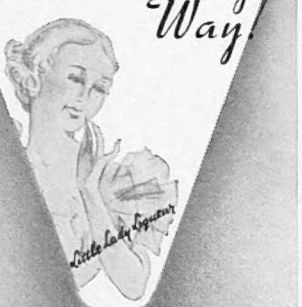

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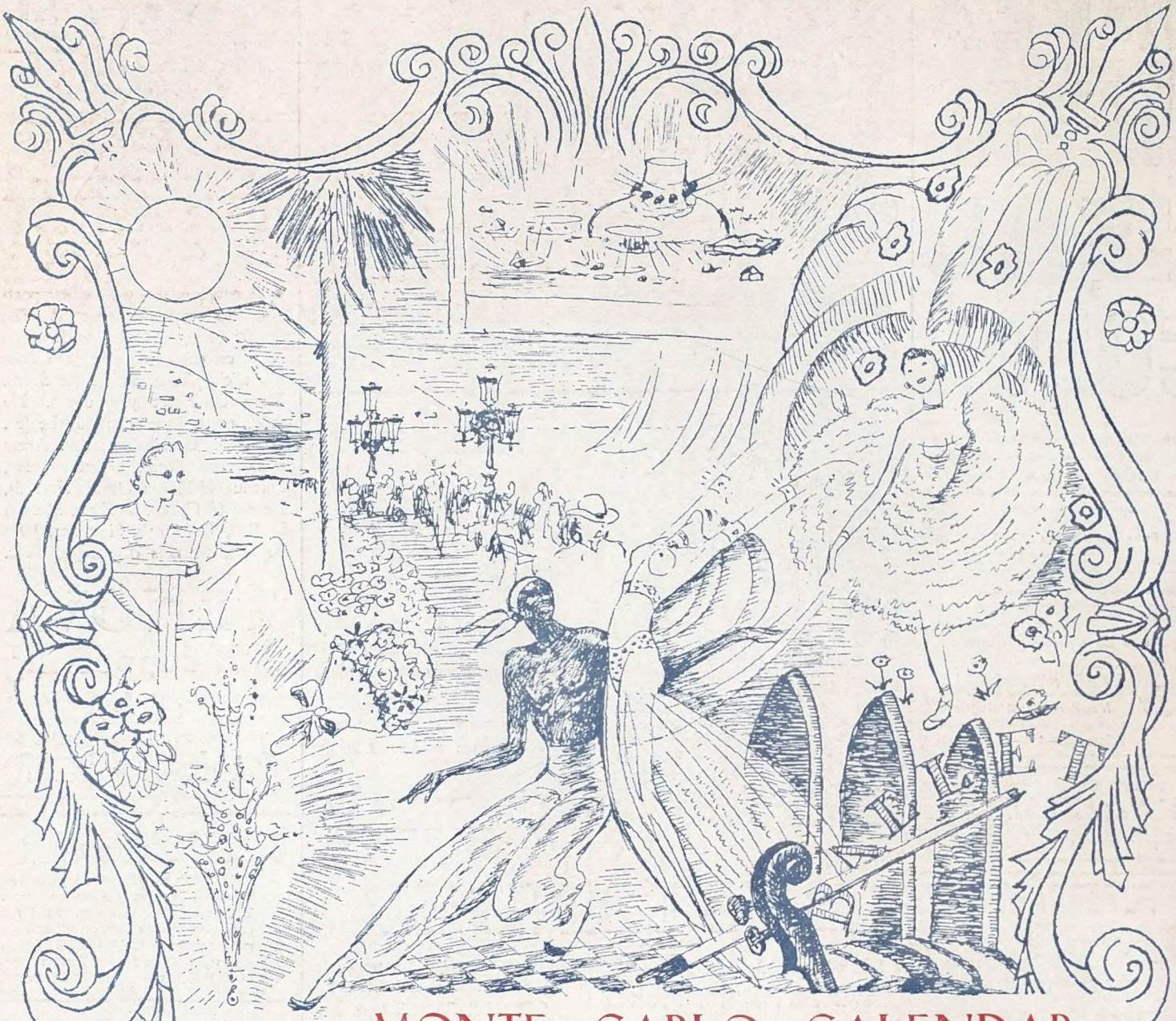

MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS : INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB — Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; International Bridge Tournament, *January 17-30*. Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT : Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) — Club Championships, *January 24-30* ; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28 — March 6* ; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24*. Monte Carlo Golf Club — Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12* ; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19* ; Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*. MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29*. Sailing Regattas, *March 31— April 3*. Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24*.

MUSIC : Concerts—SCHNABEL, *December 24* ; Erich Kleiber (conductor), *December 29* ; CORTOT (classical), *January 5* ; CORTOT (Chopin), *January 7* ; Gala with SERGE LIFAR, *January 14*. Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22* ; "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29* ; Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27*.

THEATRE : Comedy and Operetta Season, *December 18—January 24* (Beaux-Arts) ; Comédie Française—official performances *during February* ; Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets.)

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